

JOS R BOST
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Improvement Era

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



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The Soul is Victor O'er the Grave

Here softly tread among these graves,
Here softly speak above the dead,
While silently the willow waves
Its drooping branches overhead,
And solemn quietness abounds
Within the group of sacred mounds,—
While loved ones there
Our loved ones wait,
Beyond, in Paradise await.

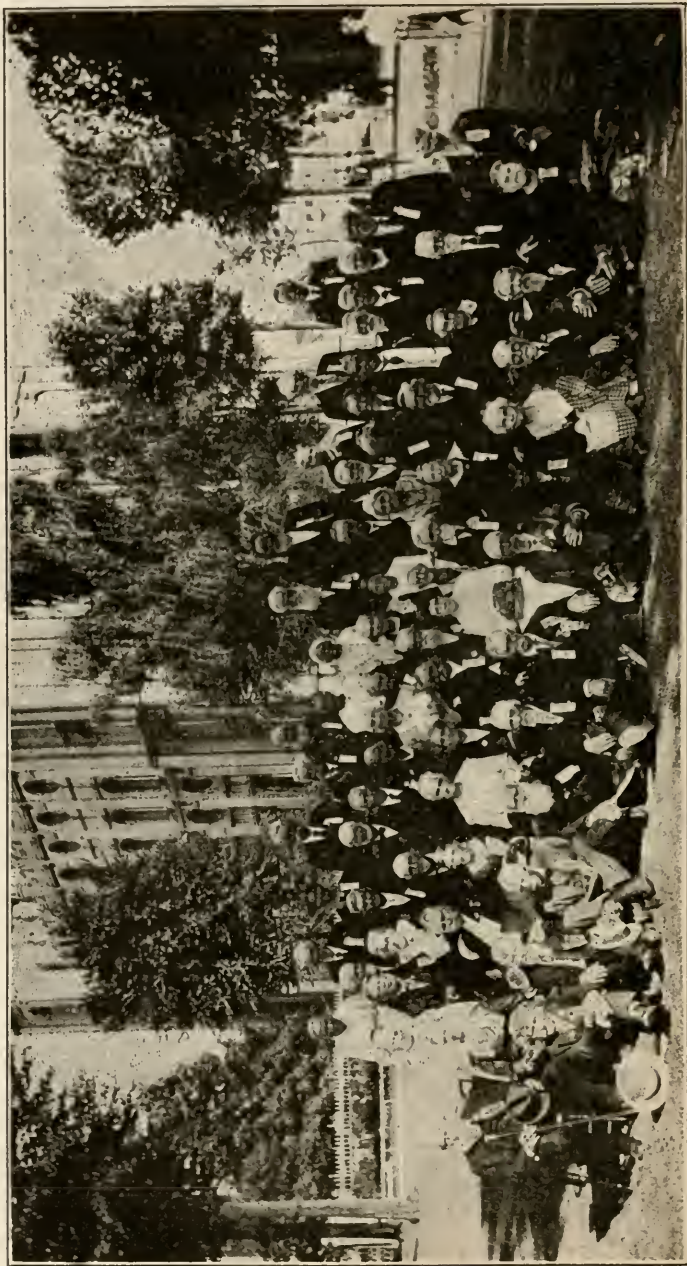
'Tis dust to dust for all our race,
And spirit back to God who gave;
The dust alone hath here a place,—
The soul is victor o'er the grave!

With flowers we decorate each tomb;
We know that they must love the flowers,—
Our yearly gift of bud and bloom.
Perhaps they meet us in these hours
When love and friendship here are blest,
In memory of those at rest,
Where loved ones there
Our loved ones wait,
Beyond, in Paradise await!

One family, yet tarrying here,
Are we who think of loved ones gone.
That other family so dear
Await us as we're passing on!
Their virtues let us all commend,—
Their love and ours shall never end,—
Where loved ones there,
Our loved ones wait,
Beyond, in Paradise await!

'Tis dust to dust for all our race,
And spirit back to God who gave;
The dust alone hath here a place,—
The soul is victor o'er the grave!

Joseph Longking Townsend



Photos by George Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah.
A REMNANT OF THE PIONEERS OF 1847

A photo taken July 24, 1922, on the occasion of the celebration in Salt Lake City, of the 75th anniversary of the entrance of the original Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. Sixty-seven who arrived that year were in attendance, out of 125 who were still living in Utah and surrounding states. See article on Pioneer celebration in this number of the Era.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 11

On the Use of Tobacco*

Vote for no Candidate who will not Declare his Willingness
to Retain the Anti-Cigarette Law on the Statutes

By President Heber J. Grant

The Anti-Cigarette Law Ought to be Enforced—not Repealed

I rejoice that nearly all of the splendid slogans that we have had for many years past, have been carried into activity by the Mutual Improvement. One of these slogans reads, "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco." I believe that every one within the sound of my voice stands for the State law against the cigarette. Therefore, I appeal to the body of our young men and young women, the great majority of whom are endowed with the franchise, (perhaps we might very wisely pledge ourselves here tonight) to vote during the coming election for no candidate for the Legislature, who will not publicly announce himself or herself in favor of allowing the anti-cigarette law to remain on the statute books. [Applause.] Many say it ought to be repealed because it is not obeyed; I say it ought to be enforced, not repealed. There is sufficient power in this audience alone, if all persons within the sound of my voice should utilize their power and ability, to prevent that law from being repealed.

Moral and Physical Danger in the Cigarette

Nothing is more detrimental to the physical and moral growth of a boy than the use of the cigarette. Every full grown man, who uses the cigarette, places an object lesson before the boy which he ought not to do. It should be the aim of all men,

*An address given at the M. I. A. Conference, June 10, 1922.

and of all women, for that matter, to place proper examples before youth. No matter what his religious convictions may be, every man should have an ambition to make his life worthy of emulation and his public and private record worthy of being followed, and if followed, of benefit to youth.

It is natural for young men and women to imitate and to be influenced by their daily associates. I know of many splendid young men who have entered the employ of intelligent and bright men but with moral standards not of the highest, who, because of the capacity and the ability of their employers to make money, have followed their examples in things contrary to the teachings of their parents, contrary to the revelations of the Lord. With few exceptions, young men who have so done have made complete failures of their lives—some of them morally as well as financially.

Danger of Aping Bad Habits

I want to say that the young "Mormon" boy who apes the habits of those not of our faith is in greater danger of making a moral and financial wreck of himself, than the boy who has not been trained as our boys have been trained. The "Mormon" boy who has been taught by the precept and the example of his parents to leave alone tea, coffee, tobacco, and liquor, when he fails to do so he is breaking one of the Ten Commandments—*viz.*, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." I have heard of men, not of our faith, in this city, who have said, "The 'Mormon' boy who imagines that he is strengthening himself with the non-'Mormons,' who make no pretensions to live up to 'Mormon' standards, by aping their habits of drinking and smoking, is making a mistake. No man who goes contrary to the teachings of his parents strengthens himself with any intelligent man." I know from personal experience, as I grew up in a non-"Mormon" office, where every man was not of our faith, that my living up to the teachings of my dear, departed mother gave me a standing with those men that I never could have had if I had disregarded her teachings.

Some of those men with whom I was then associated have made complete wrecks of their lives, but I know of no "Mormon" boy who has lived up to the standards of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ but who has made friends, has progressed, and has had power, physically, intellectually, and morally, with "Mormon," Jew, and Gentile. I know that the teachings that I received from my mother, and which I obeyed, were the very best capital and the very finest start in life, that I

could have had. All of the individuals with whom I was associated as a boy in that office, smoked. I had to stand by a desk with my boss sitting by me smoking all day long. It made me sick and I would go out in the backyard and "cast up Jonah" regularly until I got used to it. Yet I admired the generosity of my boss; his kindness to me; I almost worshipped him in one sense; but, thank the Lord, I followed none of the things that he did, that I had been taught to avoid—with the final result that my employer, to the day of his death, gave to me absolute confidence and respect, such as I never could have had, I am sure, had I followed his example and so disregarded my mother's teachings. He died, as I remember, about a year younger than I now am. He was a healthy, vigorous, strong, athletic young man. A "tobacco heart" doubtless aided in destroying his vitality. He was physically my superior, beyond comparison, at twenty-five, but by gratifying a big appetite to smoke nearly all day long, he shortened his life. In the latter part of his life his doctor forbade his smoking.

The Promise of the Lord to the Obedient

I call to mind one of my dearest friends in this city, who died younger than I am, with a tobacco heart. I call to mind many young men unwilling to keep the commandments of the Lord, who were strong physically compared with many of their associates, who are weak today while their associates who have obeyed the law are strong and vigorous. No more wonderful, or marvelous promise made by God can be found than the promise made to you and to me and to every Latter-day Saint who obeys the Word of Wisdom:

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hiddden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Think of it! What is greater than wisdom from God? What is the first great thing that men desire? Health. Where is an individual who does not desire life? Wonderful beyond my power or ability to tell are these promises of health and life made to us by God, if we will only leave alone the things that destroy our body, mind, and the finer instincts of our nature.

Smoking Destroys the Gentler Instincts

The average man who becomes a smoker, smokes nearly all of the gentler instincts out of his composition. I went to

a banquet the other night, and I took along my wife, for I wanted her to hear the splendid speeches; but she did not hear them, because a man, in the form of a gentleman, who sat at the table, next to her, smoked continually in her face. Of course, it made her sick, and she had to go home before she had heard any of the talks. This man did not know what he was doing. If his sensibilities had not been dulled by smoking, he would not have thought of doing such a thing. No true gentleman, in my judgment, would ever smoke in the presence of ladies unless the ladies requested him to do so.

Yet the ladies are at times to blame. You know some of them smoke.

Time and time again while I was the President of the European mission, traveling in "No Smoker" cars, a fellow passenger would pull out his pipe, and when I would say, "Hold on; this is a non-smoker," he would answer, "Well, I have asked the ladies, and they do not object." "Well," I would say, "they are probably used to it; I am not. There are more compartments on this train for smokers than for non-smokers, and I have come into a non-smoking compartment, you will please put your pipe in your pocket. When we get to the next station, I have not the slightest objection to your getting out and going where you belong." I have had more than one lady become angry because I would not let a man smoke in my presence. I am sorry to say that the habit of smoking is growing among the ladies. If they keep it up long enough, the finer feeling of womanhood will disappear, no question about it.

A Billion Dollars a Year for Cigarettes Alone

"We stand for thrift and economy." One billion dollars a year is spent for cigarettes in these United States of America—one dollar a minute for every minute from the birth of the Savior until today; one dollar a minute burned up, destroyed. Think of it, a billion dollars in a single year for cigarettes alone. Three billion dollars are expended for cigars—more money than is spent in the United States for education; and yet we talk about the awful burden of education! I believe, firmly, that, if the Latter-day Saints had never used tea or coffee, or tobacco or beer or any liquor, if they had saved the money wasted in such things, and put it out at interest, the Latter-day Saints would today have ten times as much money as all the money in all the banks in Utah. Moreover, every dollar spent to break the Word of Wisdom goes away from our locality.

Salvation in Obedience

"There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven, before the foundation of the world, upon which all blessings are predi-

cated, and when we receive any blessing from the Lord, it is by obedience to the law upon which it is predicated." And when a person apostatizes it is because he disobeys the laws of God. Incidentally I might remark that many people who have been cut off from the Church, are teaching that the authorities of the Church do not treat them right, and that the authorities lack sympathy. Men cut off from the Church for sin, who say that they are all right, are liars pure and simple. You young people, do not listen to those who have defied the laws of God and have been excommunicated—they are liars, and unless they repent, they will have to pay for their lies. "Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

A Personal Illustration

"There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven," and when we get a blessing, it is by obedience to a law. I read in the paper twenty-odd years ago, "Heber J. Grant will probably die"—with my picture in the paper. When I was getting well, the nurse in the hospital said, "Mr. Grant, you are going to get well. There were nine doctors present when you were operated upon. Eight of them said you had to die, there was no chance for you to live. But one of them said, 'I believe he will pull through.'"

I said, "Will you invite that one to come and see me? I do not care to meet the other eight." When he came I said, "Doctor, the nurse has told me that of the nine doctors present when I was operated upon, you were the only one who said I would pull through. I would like to know why you disagreed with the other eight."

He was a Southerner, and he said, "Mr. Grant, ah just took a chance, sah; ah just took a chance."

I said, "Why did you take a chance?"

"Well," he said, "Suh, I have felt the pulse of hundreds and thousands of gentlemen under operations, suh, but I nevah felt a pulse just like yours, suh. Your heart never missed one single beat fo' one hour and three quarters, suh, while you were under the knife, suh, and I said, that heart will pull him through."

What was the strength of that heart? No tea, tobacco, or liquor had given me the tobacco heart, or had weakened the engine within me to fight disease.

I was told by my family physician soon after that operation to send for my shorthand clerk and make my last statement for I could not live. I had made a bargain with that doctor just before going to the hospital. I had told him that I was a ruined man financially; that, looking at it naturally,

I would never live long enough to pay my debts. I told him that I would like to write a letter to my creditors, if it was certain that I had to die and that I would like to write another letter to my family and friends to leave with them my testimony of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I said, "If there is one chance in fifty that I can get well after this operation, you keep still, and I will take that chance, and with the blessings of the Lord I will get well. But if you know, after the operation, that I must die, you tell me, and I will send for my shorthand clerk, and I will write those two letters." He made the pledge, and he told me in the presence of my wife that they had discovered, when they opened me, that I was in the last stage of blood poisoning.

An Assurance and a Miracle

When he went out of the room, did I send for my clerk? No, I did not. Why? Because, after I had made that bargain with the doctor, my wife, whose body now lies in the tomb, visited my home, and promised my wife who lives, that I should not die, no matter how sick I was. So when the doctor said I had to die, I had absolute and perfect faith (and perfect faith casteth out all fear) that I should not die.

Why did I not die? Only a short time before I was operated upon, the ex-United States Marshal, Frank Dyer, was operated upon in the same hospital, for the same trouble, appendicitis; his condition was not as bad as mine, but he died. Dr. Allen Fowler, the chief surgeon in the Catholic hospital, said to President Joseph F. Smith, who stood by me as I was being operated upon, "Mr. Smith, you do not need to discuss the possibility or probability of that man's recovery; he cannot live. Why, if he were to live, it would be a miracle, and this is not the day of miracles."

In the last conversation of a serious nature that I had with President Smith, except on the day before he died, he referred to this experience, and he said, "Heber, write out that statement of the doctor, as he made it to me, and let me sign my name to it." I said to his son David, after we came out, "David, you write that out, and let your father sign it." I felt a little delicacy as if I were preparing a document before his death, for I knew how sick he was, though I never gave up in my feelings and in my heart, until the day before he died, that Joseph F. Smith would not live.

David did not get the statement, but the fact remains that Allen Fowler said those words to Joseph F. Smith, who was with me all night long, the night before I went to the hospital in the morning, and during the operation, as was John Nicholson and

others of my friends. When it was said that I had to die, Brother Nicholson, afterwards, told me that the testimony came into his heart, "He shall not die; he shall live."

The Law Must be Obed

When the visitation was made to my home with the promise that I should not die, I knew that it was from the Lord, for I remembered a promise made to me many years before the operation, by my wife, before she died, that I should live to pay all my financial obligations, and that I should lift up my voice in many lands and in many climes, proclaiming the restitution to the earth of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—the plan of life and salvation. I had never been upon a mission at the time that I was operated upon for appendicitis. Let me say right here, to all young Israel, that, notwithstanding the promises made to me by my wife, through the gift of tongues, that I should live to pay my debts, and to proclaim the gospel in many lands and in many climes "Since there is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world, upon which every blessing is predicated," had I failed to fulfil the law, I would have failed to obtain the promised blessing; my heart would not have had the power to beat steadily for an hour and three quarters. That doctor said, "Mr. Grant, the great pumping machine in the great city of Chicago which pumps the water to supply the city never beat more regularly, seventy-odd times to the minute, than did your heart." I fulfilled the law; therefore, when the last stage of blood poisoning had set in, I did not have to die—a miracle in the estimation of Dr. Fowler. Instead of a miracle, it was merely the fulfilling of the law. The Lord fulfilled what he says in this same book of the Doctrine and Covenants, "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not as I say, ye have no promise." Therefore, the promise made to my wife who is living, by my wife who has passed away, that I should not die, was fulfilled; and in addition, the promise made years before by the wife now dead, through the gift of tongues, that I should lift up my voice in many lands and in many climes and proclaim the gospel, had not been fulfilled, at the time of the operation, but it has since been fulfilled. Since that time, I have lifted up my voice from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from Canada to Mexico, and in nearly every State in the United States. I have lifted up my voice in Japan, in the Hawaiian Islands; in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and the three Scandinavian countries. I have borne witness that I know that God lives, that I know that Jesus is the Christ, that I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, and I do know

that to every man, woman, and child, who obeys the commandments of the Lord, the Lord will give the blessings that he has promised.

May we go from this place with a determination, as the youth of Zion, to live the gospel, and if we do this, God's blessing shall attend us one and all—and I ask this in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grave of William Fowler



Sydney B. Sperry, principal of the American Fork Seminary, contributes a photograph of the grave of William Fowler, the author of the great hymn of the Latter-day Saints, "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." He says that the grave was found after considerable search in the Manti, Sanpete county, cemetery, and is located at a spot a few rods north of the south end of the old stone wall, which is on the west side of the cemetery. It is in a dilapidated condition. The headboard is old and very unsightly. On it, scratched in rude fashion, can be faintly seen the letters con-

stituting the name of William Fowler. Mr. Sperry deprecates the fact that the grave of the man who has enabled us to lead a more abundant life should be so poorly remembered, and expresses the hope that something will be done to erect a proper monument to the memory of the author of our great latter-day hymn. Monuments decay and are left to ruin, but the thoughts and words expressed in the hymn referred to live on forever. There is scarcely a settlement or ward in the midst of the many hundreds in the Rocky Mountains where the Latter-day Saints do not raise their voices on the Sabbath day to repeat in song the sentiments of the man whose headstone and grave are so poorly remembered. But William Fowler and his song live in the hearts of the people. However, why not have a suitable memorial to mark his body's resting place! A side activity for the local M. I. A.

To Be or Not to Be

For the Consideration of Young Men Who Aspire

By F. S. Harris, President Brigham Young University

At this time of year practically every young man and young woman who has passed the compulsory school age is debating the question of higher education. To be thoroughly educated, or to stop as soon as the foundation is laid: that is the big question. Shall the young man go on with school, or shall he follow the more alluring commercial life and be rid of the struggle which will for the present deprive him of many of the comforts enjoyed by some of his friends who are quitting school? If he stops school and goes to work everything would be so easy, and besides what practical good is an education anyway? There probably comes to his mind some person who has gone to school half a life-time and still can scarcely make a living, while it is equally easy to think of some other fellow who has attended school only two or three years and is one of the richest men in town. Going to school is such hard work; it is so tedious; and it takes so much money just now when times are hard. Why not put it off a year or two and something may turn up? Anyway a person ought not to spend all his time studying. He ought to be a man some day and take a man's place in the world.

Thus little reasons without number can be thought of to show why one should not go on with education. These biased reasons result in some of the greatest tragedies of the world. Most of the young people who could go on and prepare themselves for real service fall by the way and the insistent calls for men and women of broad training have to go unanswered.

There is a constant temptation for the young man of limited means to rush into his profession with insufficient training. He sees an opening which he feels he can partially fill, although he realizes that he is not thoroughly ready and that he should have more preparation. Such a person may compete for awhile, but there comes a time when he strikes bottom. With a feeling of helplessness he realizes that his promotion is impossible because he is not prepared for the more difficult parts of the work. A discovery of this inability usually comes after it is too late to repair the loss. He either has a family to support or he feels too old to begin in what seems the chart class to him. As a

result he must always be satisfied with a comparatively low place in his profession.

Milton made the statement that it does not matter how late a person comes into the world so long as he comes well equipped. By this he meant that a little delay in beginning active work does not matter so long as a person is prepared to do the work properly when he begins.

Young men are usually restless to start solving what seems to them the big practical problems of life. It is difficult for them to understand that life is long compared with the ordinary period of preparation. After they get older, however, they realize that their youthful reasons for haste were not sound. They see that a year or two extra in preparation makes very little difference in the total number of years that a person lives. Youth is really the period of time that determines what a person's station will be in life, for this is the time for preparation. During youth the mind is plastic and able to prepare itself for solving the problems of the highly trained worker while later the mind has difficulty in applying itself patiently to the seemingly trivial matters necessary to a comprehensive understanding. Also later in life responsibilities incident to maturity generally makes impossible the use of time necessary for preparation.

A prominent educator compares different people with the various parts of a train. The engine is the part of the train that does the real work. The freight cars are simply rolling carriers which must carry whatever is put into them. The various parts of the train are all made of the same material. The same kind of iron goes into the engine that goes into the freight cars, but at an early stage in the building of the train those who are making it determine that certain pieces will be used to make the engine, whereas other pieces will be used for the freight car. After this original design the process of manufacture is much alike. The final result shows that the engine has motive power. Under its own power it can move itself from place to place, while the helpless cars have to carry whatever is put into them—coal, ore, dirt, live stock. The engine leads the way, starts and stops, chooses its speed and the route and always commands. The cars are useful but they must obey and follow.

The difference originated in the workshop. If the head workman wanted an engine, he prepared the design, the blue-prints of an engine, selected the material suitable for engine construction and ordered the workmen to shape the materials according to the engine blue prints. Exactly the same process, using different materials and different design, produce useful but helpless box cars. The question is settled in the workshop

during the short building period. As the completed car or engine leaves the shop its position as a leader or a drudger following the leader is determined for the full length of life. Just so the period of education of a man is the time that determines largely the usefulness of his later life.

I was at work chopping timber with a man who had a very dull ax. It would have required considerable time for him to put the ax in good shape and he grudged the time it would take to do this, so he haggled along at the timber, working hard but without much to show for his exertion. The cuts he made in the wood were notched and irregular and the irregular parts had to be chopped a second time. The time he grudged if spent in sharpening the axe would have saved much exertion and enabled the workman to have accomplished more. All good workmen know the necessity of having their tools in good shape.

The mind is one of the chief tools of life. If it is sharpened and properly prepared it can work effectively; if it is dull and has never been sharpened, everything is done in the same way that the dull tool performs its work. If a person is to live forty, fifty, or sixty years, is it not desirable to spend some of the earlier years sharpening up the mind so that it will be a more effective tool throughout life?

The journey of life may be taken over many different roads. One of these roads is high and dry and well paved, but in order to get to it the automobile must be thoroughly overhauled and oiled and placed in the best possible shape. It requires a long time and hard work to climb the hill to the place where this road begins; but after the road is once reached how much more pleasant is the journey.

The other road is of easy access, but it runs along the lowland. A person may start on this road at once without previous exertion. The engine does not need to be "tuned up" or put in shape, but this road is so boggy and difficult that the traveler must go very slowly; his engine is running in low most of the time. No more work is required at first than later on. The road is equally difficult in all parts. The high-line, paved road requires great effort in reaching it, but after it is once reached it is smooth.

The journey of life may be made with a mind that has not been prepared for the journey, but with this mind great difficulties are encountered. If a period of preparation is allowed before starting over the difficult part, the mind is prepared so that it always works at a higher tension and more effectively than if it is not thus prepared.

A good many practical minded people will say that education is all very well if one can afford it, but it is a luxury

and there is no money in going to school. Quite a number of surveys have been made in various parts of the country and these are very enlightening on this point.

In Brooklyn, 10,000 men in jobs requiring only a common school education average a yearly income of \$657, while 1,579 holding jobs in the service of the city government, which required all applicants to have a high school education, were getting an average salary of \$1,597. This average difference of \$940 represents an earning power of \$18,800 at 5 per cent, or an average of \$26 for every school day of the four years of a high school course. Other figures, collected by President Henry Lewis Smith, of Washington and Lee University, show that in New York a widely extended investigation among thousands of business men revealed the fact that boys leaving school at 14 were at 25 years of age, after eleven years of business experience, earning \$661 a year; those leaving school at 18 were at 25, after seven years of business experience, earning an average of \$1,612 a year. The difference of \$951 a year represents an earning power of \$19,000 at 5 per cent, or \$26.85 for each school day of the added four years. In Minneapolis 3,345 boys who finished the eighth grade and were in business received an average salary of \$240 their first year. Of these, 902 afterwards finished their high school course. They received an average of \$600 for their first year. Of course, with this added intelligence they rose twice as fast as their less educated competitors.

Calculations based on these items showed that the person who continued in school earned an average of \$24.66 for every day's school. Calculations made on the basis of workers in 43 cities in Massachusetts indicated that the amount of time that those who remained in school during the high school and later period was worth \$25 a day to them. In and near Philadelphia an investigation covering months of time and in which many thousands of cases were studied, proved that those who began work as untrained laborers at 16 received increasing wages until 21, when their increase stopped and remained stationary at \$510 a year. Technical school graduates, starting at 22, increased their earning power until they were 32 years of age when they reached their maximum average of \$2,150. The difference in education, therefore, was equivalent to an earning power of \$32,800 at 5 per cent.

Dr. Warren of Cornell University made calculations on the relative earning power of farmers who had studied various lengths of time and found that every day the farmer remained in school returned large dividends to him later on.

Thus it will be seen that from a purely financial point of view it pays thoroughly to remain in school.

The exceptions, of men who have succeeded in spite of meager education, should not be taken too seriously since we cannot tell what they might have done had they been trained. The average, which would represent most of us, shows the large advantage in earning capacity which education gives.

Smith quotes the work of VanDyke to show the record and history of nearly 9,000 graduates of eastern colleges. The standard for comparison was how many of them were capable of attaining places in *Who's Who?* list of distinguished Americans. While this list is not an absolute indication of eminence, still it is the best record that we have. Records show that of the two million Americans who never attended school, none attained the *Who's Who?* list. Of those who had no more than a common school education it took nine thousand to furnish one distinguished man. Of those with high school training, one in four hundred reached eminence. Of all college students, one in forty, and of all college graduates about one in fifteen were represented in *Who's Who?*

The man who graduates from college with high scholastic honors, instead of being unfitted for success by his extra book learning, is about seven times as likely to become a distinguished man as the all-around man taking no honors other than his diploma with him. Such an exceptional student as compared with the average college student has chances of 20 to 1; as compared with the average high school student chances of 200 to 1; and as compared with those having a common school education chances of 5,000 to 1. These figures show very clearly that in attaining eminence in the world, work in school is a very distinct advantage.

There is only one right decision for those who are anxious to make the most out of their lives. They should prepare themselves as best they can for the work of life. They should not be satisfied to spend their lives with dull tools, but should train themselves so that they can be as effective as possible. While school is not absolutely indispensable to good training, the chances are much greater that a person will get the right kind of training if he attends schools which are run by those who are specialists in their various lines, than if he trusts to an education secured by himself. Of course, it should be understood that merely getting an education will not guarantee success to anyone. A person must have the right foundation in order to succeed, and an education can do very little for him unless he has this foundation in character and stamina, and is willing to give his best efforts toward success. Just as it is impossible to polish sandstone, so is it impossible for an institution to make a man out of a person who has no fundamental

character and who is not willing to pay the price of success. But if a person is made of the right stuff and is desirous of making the most of himself, an education is unquestionably a great help to him and his chances for success are very much improved if he spends the earlier years of his life in attending school.

It seems to me, therefore, that the answer of the question "To be or not to be?" will be found in large measure in the attitude of the young man or woman toward education.

Provo, Utah

The "Realest" People

The "realest" people in this big busy world of ours are the practical dreamers, the "Peter Pans" who absolutely refuse to grow up; who spend part of the time among the clouds and with the fairies.

All the great inventions that we marvel at were once dreams in the minds of men. Look over the history of modern achievements and you'll find it teeming with the names of practical dreamers.

Edison, Bell, Marconi, and dozens of others who have given us modern conveniences, once dreamed about the things they afterward perfected.

It is given to but few of us to dream dreams as great as the man who dreamed of giving to humans the wings of birds, but it is nothing less than a crime to slay our little private dreams. No matter how small our hopes—ambitions—dreams—whatever we call them, they are the "realest" part of us.

To the dreamers life never grows stale. Dreaming of accomplishing something worth while leaves no time for criticising the actions of those about us. Their acts take on a new meaning and somewhere among our dreams we find an explanation that will hush criticism and broaden our understanding until in sympathy we hold out the hand of comradeship to those who make mistakes.

While we labor with our hands let our minds aeroplane into dreamland, and sometime the way will open for our dreams to come true; then, no matter how tiny the dream, we can count ourselves among the "Realest" people.—*D. C. Retsloff, San Diego, Cal.*

The Straw

By Nephi Anderson

She saw him first as she was letting down the bars of the corral for the cows to go to the evening milking. Letting down bars, instead of opening gates, was typical of the Adler farm, for it was one of those old places where primitive ways and means still persisted. The poles which made up the bars were not light, and Mary Adler had to pay strict attention to her task, especially as she had to keep an eye on one of the cows which was prone to make a dash back to the greener meadow at the last moment.

The sun had just dipped down behind the western hills, and the long shadows had been obliterated in the coming darkness, as Earl Heron came walking along the wide and weedy road, swinging his straw hat in his hand. He did not see Mary, as he appeared to be looking at the vine-covered front porch instead of in the direction of the barn-yard; and so Mary, though seeking him, went on getting the cows secure for the night. Outwardly she appeared her normal self, but she could not wholly control the intensified beating of her heart. The Adler farm lay at the end of that village side street, so Earl Heron's destination was obvious.

Hidden for a moment by the granary, Mary instinctively looked at her soiled work apron and rough shoes. Then with a little don't-care brush of hand to hair, she stepped along the path to the house for the milk pails. Earl saw her then, stopped for an instant, then hurried through the front gate, around the house where he met her by the back steps.

"Mary, Mary—here you are," he said, as he extended both his hands in greeting.

She gave him but one, however, smiling unafraid up into his face.

And that face was good to look at, even though apparently few young men either in city or country had found it out. The beauties of a clean, sweet, honest heart shone unobstructedly from the face. To one whose gaze was not hindered too much by the outward attire and polish, the soul of Mary Adler opened as a rare and wondrous treasure house; and at that moment of greeting, Earl Heron, gifted with a keener insight, caught a glimpse of it, shining as it were, through the blue eyes of the girl.

"Why did you not tell me you were coming?" she asked.

"I got home only an hour ago. I came just as soon as I found out you were here. I could have telephoned, but—"

"Never mind. I'm glad to see you—but to catch me like this? Shall we go in?"

"Are you through with your work? I see you are still chore-boy."

"Yes and no. I have two cows to milk, and then—well, the usual evening work at a farm house. I can't very well get out of it this evening because father is away and mother is not well—but you're welcome anyway, Earl, and you can—"

"Help you," he broke in laughingly. "I believe I've entirely forgotten how to milk. The last time I tried was at a farm in Alabama where we were being entertained. The cow kicked the milk bucket over the fence."

"And you?"

"O, I survived."

"Well, come in and visit with mother while I milk the cows, feed the pigs, and throw some hay to the horses."

"See here—I'll say how-do-you-do to your mother, but I came here to see you. If you're going to be out in the yard all evening, I'm going to be with you."

"I'll not be long," she explained. "By the time you have answered two of the dozen questions mother will have to ask you about your missionary experiences, I'll be with you."

However, Earl was disposing of the mother's fourth question when Mary arrived. That she was a little delayed was no doubt owing to the fact that she had changed her dress, and otherwise tidied up a bit. Earl paused in his story to look at her as she entered. Yes, she *was* good to look at in her well-fitting, modest dress. She seated herself and listened to the missionary experiences.

She had time now to observe him closer. As usual with returned missionaries, Earl had grown in many ways. He was more manly, he spoke with greater ease and assurance. His face shone with fervor as he told of his faith-promoting experience in the field. And as Mary sat and looked and listened, she wondered whether or not she had made a mistake when she had refused to become betrothed to him some three years ago, before he went on his mission. He was certainly a fine looking young man now, and perhaps she had been a little too hard on him because of some of his bad habits. Anyway, here he was, calling on her. His mission had no doubt straightened out the little kinks in his character, given him a testimony of the truth of the gospel, and, in short, made a man of him. Was her long-sought-for ideal to be attained? Was her heart's yearnings to be satisfied? Were her prayers now to be answered?

The mother considerably ceased her questions and retired early, leaving them to go out to the ivy-covered front porch, where they sat without words for a little time, watching the stars grow brighter in the blue sky.

"It's good to be home," he said.

It's three months since you came home from your mission. Where have you been all the time?"

"Up in Montana. There was nothing doing here when I got back, so I had to go elsewhere to get work. You know, I tried to find you in the city, at the time; but I must have had the wrong address, and as I did not have much time between trains, I had to give up. How long are you going to stay at home?"

"Well, I hardly know. I'm rather undecided what to do. I've taught school for three years in the city, and they are holding out a rather flattering offer to get me back for next year. Mother needs me here, but then again, the money I can earn comes in very handy. I'm going to stay at home as long as I can, anyway, at least until I get a good coat of tan and freckles and my hands get to be as rough as my good old father's."

"Oh, well, a little tan and a few freckles are now easily covered up," he commented lightly. "It would not do for you to appear on the streets of the city without such covering. What would the fellows say and do?"

Mary hardly knew just how to reply to this. His words were lightly spoken, but he might mean them as a test. If so, he should have his answer.

"I don't care what the fellows say or do, as to that. I'm not going to paint my face like an Indian for anybody. I never have, and if I continue in my right mind, I never shall."

"Good for you, Mary, but—"

"You know, I'm an old foggy—have been for a long time. I would make a mighty poor imitation of the butterfly type of girl. I'm odd. I guess I'm different. I'm not a favorite with the boys. I make a fine decorative wall flower at the dances. The boys that I knew both here and in the city are more attracted to the scantily clad, giggling girl than to such as I who try to be sensible."

"Why, Mary!"

"Let me finish my indictment," she continued with a short laugh. "I know what I'm talking about. I've taken one of those modern surveys, and every girl of my kind in thought and feeling and action will tell you the same as I am telling you. Mark Twain's jest, 'Be good, and you'll be lonesome' is now true in fact. I've seen returned missionaries even, so chase after

butterflies that one must conclude they have lost all the sober sense of values which their missionary training is supposed to have given them."

"But, Mary—"

"Ah, present company is always excepted, you know. You're not that kind of a man; but there's Tom Jones of this very town. What did he do when he got home? Why, quiet, sweet-souled Jennie, who had been waiting for him two years, was left—completely forgotten, when that little Molly Brown flattered her short skirts before him. Naked shoulders, penciled eyebrows, and an energetic use of the lip-stick proved too much for him. They were married last week."

Earl Haren was quieted. Whether Mary Alder had surprised him into silence by her unwonted loquaciousness, or whether something in his own consciousness prevented speech, shall not be said. He looked queerly up to the star beyond the tree top.

"I'm through," said Mary.

He found it difficult to begin talking.

"I beg your pardon for breaking out like this," she said in a somewhat more humble tone. "Tell me about your mission. What do you think of the South and its people? I've always been interested in missionary work, and hope, some day, to go on a mission myself, especially as I'm not the marrying kind."

"Not the marrying kind? What do you mean. Surely, you believe in marriage?"

"Oh, yes, I believe in it all right; but I can't find any male member of the community who is of the same heart and mind as I."

"Don't be so sure of that, Mary. You know, I've always thought of you as the best girl ever." He reached out to take her hand, but she arose quickly as if she did not see the action, and stood by the pillar of the porch. Uncertainty still filled her mind. She did not understand herself, and while in that condition she must not allow the love-making which Earl seemed eager to begin. After a time, she sat down again, and the talk went on normally.

When he arose to go, she went with him down the path to the gate. He behaved himself very well at the parting, just shaking her hand calmly and goodnaturally, even though he held it a little longer than ordinarily. Then he passed on down the street, and she went back to the house. She paused on the porch, and from behind the ivy screen she looked after him. The street was dark and so his form soon became indistinct until he reached the electric light which sputtered at the intersection of another street. She saw him stop there, take a cigarette from

an inside pocket, strike a match, light the cigarette and place it between his lips as he walked away again into the dark.

Mary sank down trembling on the porch seat. What had she seen! Just a young man lighting and smoking a cigarette—a common enough sight. But this time it came as a great shock, for she knew that this simple act pictured justly the character of the man who did it. Straws show which way the wind blows, and some winds become storms which terminate in death and destruction, and this was a straw. To a young man of the world, Mary knew the smoking of a cigarette did not mean so much in the way of index to character, but to a Latter-day Saint, especially to a returned missionary, the simple act told volumes and revealed much.

The wind from the canyon blew cold. Mary went in and to her room. Quietly and soberly she prepared for bed. If she could have cried, it would have been such a relief. For a moment she had cherished the beautiful hope, but now she felt as if the sanctity of her heart had been defiled, by the presence even for so short a time, by one whom she now knew to be unworthy. She realized now that her treatment of Earl Haren three years before had been justified; but all these facts, all this cold, naked truth did not altogether ease the pain in her heart.

She said her prayers, with added length, then lay on her bed wide-eyed far into the night before peace and sleep came to her.

But Earl Heron slept soundly, not knowing that he had forever lost the greatest prize which had ever been placed within his grasp.

The Feeling of Summer

'Tis Summer here,
Where the crimson glows at sunset;
Where the level plains
Give rise to rugged crags and peaks.
Do you love Summer?

'Tis Summer here,
Where the souls of men are joyous;
Where the tears of sorrow
Have fled with Winter's snows.
Do you love Summer?

'Tis Summer aye,
Where the God-given soul doth rule;
Where the Spirit soars
In joy, and keeps the thoughts from sin.
Do you love Summer?

The Making of Leaders*

By Elder John A. Widtsoe, of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board

I am very glad, my brethren and sisters, to be allowed to look into the faces of so many M. I. A. leaders.

Every organization must have officers, leaders; in fact, an organization implies leaders; and since civilization is built upon organization, the condition of the existence of a successful civilization is proper leadership.

The question was asked, How big can we make our Mutual Improvement work? The answer came readily, without hesitation, We can make it just as big as our leaders; no bigger; it will not be smaller. It is an old adage that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. We might more properly say that every institution is the lengthened shadow of its leaders. Leadership is indispensable in successful M. I. A. work.

Edward W. Bok, in his remarkable autobiography, recently published, tells the story of his gradual winning of leadership; and of his surprise to find as he climbed higher and higher that there were fewer and fewer leaders. When he finally reached the top, the pinnacle of his life's work, he found that the top was fairly shrieking for leaders—there were so few of them.

The question before us is, whether we can make of ourselves, leaders of the type required by the Mutual Improvement work. We often say that a man has been called to a position as ward president or stake superintendent, or some other position, and that the mantle of leadership has fallen upon him. The mantle of leadership may fall upon a man, but it never makes a leader. Leadership is never put on a man from without; leadership always comes from within. A man must exercise all his powers to attain leadership, then from within, that thing we call leadership develops and grows and becomes part and parcel of the man himself. So, leadership comes through self-effort, and not as a gift, except as God may help us achieve leadership. Nearly all persons, who will properly seek after leadership may attain a sufficient degree of it, to do well their required work.

The few moments I have at my disposal I will use in

*Delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1922.

calling to your attention five major and five minor qualities of a leader. I will be very brief, because we are all anxious to hear from President Heber J. Grant.

1. The leader has faith in his work.

The leader, first of all—as a major quality—must have full faith in the cause that he represents; if he is an M. I. A. worker, faith in the Church, faith in the M. I. A. work, faith in his superiors, faith in his fellowmen, faith in himself, faith that the work with which he has been entrusted, may be done—may be “put over.” Unless a leader has such faith, his battle is lost, and there is no hope for him. He must have the kind of faith that made it possible for Brigham Young to cast his lot and the lot of his people with this barren wilderness by the shore of an alkali lake; the kind of faith that made the walls of Jericho fall, the kind of faith that made of the slow-tongued Moses, the mighty law-giver and a marvelous leader, and of the stammering-tongued Enoch the greatest of the patriarchs, after Adam; the kind of faith that knows that of every young boy or girl may be made a splendid man or woman. Such is the faith that we need if we are to succeed in becoming M. I. A. leaders.

2. The leader must love his work.

Faith alone is insufficient; it must be qualified with love. There is a definite relationship between faith and love; but there is also a subtle distinction. The man who has faith, and adds to that faith, a love for the work, for the cause, for his superiors, for his fellow workers, finds ecstasy in the labor. Such a man has won the second great quality of leadership, for love begets love, as the electrified coil of wire induces a current in the nearby coil.

3. The leader must understand his work.

Faith and love must be fed, and the best way to feed them is to acquire full knowledge concerning the work in hand. Therefore, the leader must understand his work. The M. I. A. leader for example must possess the *Handbook* and he must know what is published from time to time concerning his work. He must know the structure, principles, ideals and practices of the M. I. A. While his love will beget love in those with whom he associates, so will his knowledge, as he acquires it, make his fellow workers stronger than they would be without such knowledge. The man who knows directs the world.

4. The leader must be industrious and persistent. Neither faith, nor love, nor knowledge, comes permanently except from labor. Industry is an indispensable quality of leadership. I need not emphasize that principle here, for it is so self-evident; but the man who will not pay the price in hard work

cannot achieve leadership. History is the story of how greatness and leadership have been achieved by hard effort and persistent labor. I call your attention to the record of the beloved and respected head of our Church for industry and persistence, which has made it possible for him to overcome great difficulties, and by which God has qualified him to become the leader of His chosen people. Every great leader knows how to work, is willing to work industriously and persistently and never knows defeat.

5. The leader is prayerful.

Every true leader knows his limitations. No leader is so foolish as to believe that he knows everything. No leader believes that, unaided, he can accomplish any great work placed upon him. The great leader says, I know my limitations, but I also know that about me lies the unbounded world controlled by God, in which lie forces of all manner and description; and if somehow I can establish connection with these forces by obeying the laws of God, by keeping close to the Master of the universe, I can draw out of the things about me the help that I need. Thus the leader becomes stronger than a mere man. Therefore, every great leader has been prayerful. Marshal Foch on his knees at his daily prayers, is but an illustration of the manner in which leaders seek for help.

The man who acquires these qualities, of leadership, faith in the work, love for the work, an understanding of the work, labor in behalf of it, and prayer to God, will through the aid of the Spirit of God find all his efforts vitalized and made alive. He must seek in all things the help of God's Holy Spirit. In the making of leaders, no satisfactory substitute has been found for the kind, helpful presence of the Holy Spirit of God.

From these five major qualities of a leader, let me draw five minor ones, simply as a matter of helping the memory.

1a. The leader is an optimist. The man who has faith of necessity becomes an optimist. The leader sees possibilities; never impossibilities. He sees light; he does not dwell on the shadows. He sees good in his fellow men; he seldom sees that which is evil. He trusts, and does not allow himself to distrust. An uplifting optimism coming out of faith, is one of the great, personal qualities of the great leader.

2a. The leader is generous and self-effacing.

Out of the quality of love comes the second minor quality of generosity and self-effacement. He gives more than he receives. You remember the code of the old vikings. The viking chief rode the seas, and when the victory had been won, divided all the booty among his men; but not a thing did he take for himself. The M. I. A. officer who thinks of himself in the

limelight; who does not share the small public honors with his neighbors and fellow workers, is not a true leader. A leader need not always stand before the multitude; he may efface himself at times and let someone else have the honor of the momentary applause. If he can do this he becomes strong in his position of leadership. What is there in it for me? is never asked by true leaders.

3a. The leader is self-reliant.

This quality is drawn out of knowledge. Though he depends on God, the leader believes that since he has been called to the office, if he does his duty well, he will be able to accomplish the work assigned. He is not afraid. He stands self-reliantly before his task and before his fellow men.

4a. The leader plans his work ahead.

This quality is intimately associated with the quality of work. That is ordinarily called organization. Every good Mutual Improvement worker, who desires to achieve leadership organizes his work, and disdains to go to his work unprepared. He dreams of his work by night, and he thinks of it by day, and he throws it into such an organized form that he knows where he is going all the time. Every smooth-working machine—this conference, for instance—has been made smooth-working because some one has planned ahead. This is a test of leadership.

5a. The leader is a good follower.

Drawn out of prayer, out of communion with God and the Spirit of God, is the personal quality of being a good follower. The truly great man is quite as willing to follow, as he is to lead; just as willing to be directed, as to direct; just as willing to be conducted, as to conduct; just as willing to do the toil of the day, as to tell someone else to do that toil. Somewhere, for every man, there is superior authority. The main thing is "to carry the message to Garcia."

Such are some of the qualities that make leaders of men.

This marvelous organization known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has a world message—one of leadership for the world. It is so organized that nearly every man and woman in the Church must act as leaders in some capacity. I believe that God has so provided that every man and woman of us, by observing a few simple rules, may attain to the power of leadership. God will add to our own efforts and we shall stand as leaders before our brethren and sisters, and be able to accomplish the work that is required at our hands. May God bless us, and make of us all great leaders! I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Lumber-Jack Boy

By Gailard Backman

On payday, in the Buck Creek logging camp, three things could be depended upon—the departure of one or two hands; a few sprees; and a week-end game of stud poker. For three years Ghost Morgan had chosen the second of these by-avenues of recreation. There were only two consistent characteristics about Ghost Morgan. The first, the regularity and dependability of his sprees; the second, his unquestionable mastership with a cross-cut saw. Had he been less accomplished in this latter thing, Teddy McGarvey, the boss, would never have tolerated these monthly reversions to the realm of debauchery. But Morgan could do more work in his three weeks of soberness than most could accomplish in five, and Teddy had an immense amount of respect for this attribute.

The Buck Creek camp was small, employing only from seventeen to twenty-five men. But the system of logging employed and the proximity of Austin with its three saloons and promiscuous women kept Teddy everlastingly on the lookout for men. One thing about Ghost Morgan, he always came back to work after his money was gone.

The logging train—eight short, four-wheeled trucks, drawn by a geared engine—crawled up beside the cook car just as Spareribs began his evening tattoo on the steel triangle. The train crew piled out of the cab and hustled to the bunk house to scrub up. Logging camp etiquette, especially at meal time, is roughly simplified to the natural formula—every man for himself. The clanging of the triangle brought a torrentuous outpouring from the bunk house door, and the train crew splashed into their tin wash basins with well warranted haste and inproficiency. Plenty of time to get clean when their stomachs were filled.

"That Ghost?" asked McGarvey of the brakeman, twisting his hand in the direction of one of the trucks.

"Yea—drunk as a hoot owl. Slept all the way up."

"He's not in the habit of comin' back till he sobers up. Who's the kid with him?"

"Don't know. He didn't want to come, but Ghost was kind a nasty insistent, so he piled on."

"It's a cinch he won't stay if he didn't even want to come." McGarvey went into the cook car.

"Better save out a little for Ghost and that youngster with him. He'll wake up hungry after while."

"He'd better wake up right sudden now. I'm not runnin' this dump nights for the charity sake a feedin' drunks," Spareribs grumbled.

Teddy laughed. "Sometime he'll have to do it for you, Spareribs, and you won't feel that way about it."

After supper McGarvey went over to the truck. Ghost had come to and was sitting on the edge of the car running his hand through his hair and squinting through blood shot eyes at the cook car.

"Better go in and eat, Ghost. Spareribs'll find something for you." McGarvey looked at the stranger, a mere lad of sixteen or seventeen. "Howdy," he grunted, appraising him with that keen eye for judging men, which years before had won for him the foremanship of Buck Creek camp.

"How do you do?" the lad answered with a bewildered look, as if uncertain that he should have answered at all.

"Looking for work?"

"Yea, he's lookin' for work," interjected Morgan shooting a quick glance at the boy. "Name's somethin' or other—Growl or Howl or somethin' like—"

"Rowle—Gordon Rowle," interrupted the boy. "I'd like to work, if you'll let me. He looked with a bit of apprehension at the bunk house and the great forest spreading out toward the setting sun. "I haven't any more money, and—and I'll have to find work somewhere."

"Where'd you come from?" McGarvey was wondering what the boy was doing there, he was so manifestly out of place. His every action and appearance betrayed that he had never roughed it before in his life. If he had run away from home—but he didn't look like that kind. Something about him spelled trouble. He looked frightened when this question was asked him. A sudden suspicion crept into McGarvey's mind and caused him to do what at first he had determined not to do.

"Well, we'll find something for you. Better go in with Ghost and eat."

"Naw, I don' wan ta eat," growled Morgan with a sick, disgusted expression on his face. "Howl can go, maybe he's hungry."

McGarvey showed the boy to the cook car, and then left him to the mercy of the camp. He hadn't a thing in the world with him except the clothes he wore,—a thread-bare suit of brown, a dusty black hat, dilapidated shoes, and a book of poems in

his pocket. Sparcrids fed him well, and Rowle did ample justice to his generosity. When he went back to the train, Morgan had disappeared.

Gordon Rowle had stepped off the train in Austin, hungry, penniless and in a strange world. Shortly afterward the swinging doors of the *Title-de-dum*, had spread open to vomit forth on the sidewalk a staggering and sullen member of the human family. That had been Ghost Morgan. The boy had followed him down the street, hoping to engender sufficient courage to ask the unfortunate fellow where he—Gordon Rowle—could find work.

From the first Morgan had experienced a dislike for this pale faced, timid youngster, whose pleading, bewildered eyes seemed to mock his own uncouth bravado and careless abandon. With drunken ugliness he had snapped an ill natured "No" at the boy's question. Then ten minutes later, possessed with a cruel idea which boded no good for Rowle, he had hunted the stranger up, and from that moment forth had never for an instant let the lad out of his sight until now.

Rowle was glad to find him gone. Morgan had tormented him not a little with his insistent presence. He looked at the bunk house with uncertainty. It had grown dark, and a dull light shown through the windows. He started toward it—stopped—changed his mind and walked off toward the timber line. Loud laughter issued from the bunk house. The lad shuddered a little and hurried on. In the timber he groped about for a comfortable place to lie down. He was wary of men and the gruffness and profaneness of these burned his heart with a strange distastefulness, he could neither understand nor wholly reconcile himself to.

He slept lightly and the coming daylight found him awake and cold. He slapped his arms and legs and pranced around to get the blood circulating. No one seemed to be up, so he wandered about the camp awhile and then walked off up the track. Suddenly the triangle sounded, and he hurried back. But he had walked some distance and before he reached the camp again, the triangle rang out on the crisp air a second time. He could hear loud talking for a few minutes and then all grew silent. He hesitated outside the cook-car door. The men were already eating. Then making up his mind he must get used to this—the sooner the better—he entered. The men looked up; Morgan was the only one to speak.

"Where the deuce you been?" he demanded. The boy looked so startled and bewildered that everybody laughed. That was what Morgan had expected—what he had wanted. "Sit

up all night?" he pursued. "Didn't like the looks o' our bunks, eh?—no white sheets and soft springs nor mama to tuck ye in." Again the bunch laughed. All but McGarvey, he was thinking.

"There's a place." The foreman pointed to an unused plate at a far end of the table. Rowle slipped over to it and sat down.

"In this 'ere camp," said Morgan, "we abide by regular dis-a-pline, like so much machinery all connected up together. When Spareribs 'its the bell we rolls out. When he 'its it again we files in and eats. When he 'its it again," winking at Spareribs who was standing in the doorway, "we all gets up and marches out."

Most of the men were through eating by the time Rowle was nicely started. Spareribs, appreciating Morgan's little joke, stalked around for a few minutes and hit the triangle. With one accord all the men dropped their knives and forks and rose to their feet. All but Rowle. He had seen Morgan wink, and with unexpected composure that was a surprise even to himself, retained his seat and kept on eating.

"I—I'm not fully mustered in yet," he smiled, and with that smile was born a love for him by every man in the camp—every man, except Ghost Morgan, in whose heart there arose a subtle fury that this despised molly-coddle of a kid should have turned the morning joke on him.

"Joke's on you, Morgan," laughed McGarvey, and when the men were gone walked up to the lad and laying a friendly hand on his shoulder sat down beside him. "Don't let 'em kid you," he said. "The boys must have their little fun. It's mostly work and darned little play up here. Come over to the commissary after you're done and we'll fit you out with some duds and some bedding. Tomorrow we'll start you swamping. You can help Spareribs a little today. Toughen up on the wood pile and so forth." McGarvey went out, and the boy's heart bounded with the pleasurable sensation that he had found a friend.

The days which followed were not altogether pleasant for Rowle. The men would have their jokes at his expense, and the crudeness of their fun, the coarseness of their laughter, their profanity and uncouth sense of humor, beat in tumultuous discord with the gentility of his soul. This was endurable though, and his heart warmed to them in the knowledge that all was done in the name of good fellowship. What he could never seem to accustom himself to was the nights in the bunk house, the dirty beds, the foul air, the coarse and lewd conversation, the smoking and spitting and foul stories. His heart sank with shame and sickening disgust with each coming of the night.

He loathed those nights, and racked his brain to find some manner of means to raise this evening revelry within the higher scope of his own nature. One night he listened until he could stand it no longer. His heart cried out in rebellion. He sprang to his feet and his voice rose tremulously above the laughter in the room—laughter at a sordid story which told of the shame of womanhood.

"Men," he cried, "that story reminds me of a bit of poetry I once read."

Never before had Rowle ventured to amuse the bunk house inhabitants. All eyes turned toward him. In some hearts came a feeling of disappointment. They had learned to like this lad because he was clean. Had their sordid ways at last polluted his finer nature, and dragged him down to the lower level of their own dissolute ways? The story could not have reminded him of anything very uplifting.

"A little poem by Service. Perhaps you have read it before," and he began to recite "The Harpy." His words rang clear and vibrating with emotion, touched the real manhood of those rough sons of the forest land. The room fell into musing silence. How the boy could read those lines—the very inflections of his voice, the deep soulfulness of his expression, the bright light shining in his eyes, all combined to place an interpretation on the poem that the author would have praised him to hear. When he finished, his audience roused themselves, and led by McGarvey, united in hearty applause.

Rowle sprang at once to the lighter frivolity of "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and left his audience in a burst of tumultuous laughter. Then came other poems from Service, from Kipling, from Burns, with a wonderful interpretation of the old Scotch brogue, and when at last he wound up with "A man's a man for a' that and a' that," late in the night and long past the usual hour for retiring, those men, soulfully hungry for a touch of higher things, cried aloud for more. The boy gazed at them thoughtfully and then, once more raising his voice, he filled them with the beautiful sentiment of Riley's "That old sweetheart of mine." And then he found, and his heart overwhelmed with the knowledge, that these men had not lost their souls—their sober silence, and the far-away, longing expression in their eyes, bespoke the overflow of souls long pent and barricaded by the rough-hewn timbers of unmerciful life.

Ghost Morgan, lying on his bunk engendered a sullen hate for this boy—this delicate, refined shadow from a world of better things—this lad he had brought to ridicule and sport over, but whom others were learning to love.

Weeks followed. The boy grew into his own. His muscles toughened with the rhythmic swing of the ax, substantiated by the wholesome nourishment of Spareribs' daily menus. Night after night the crew gathered with high expectations to listen for hours to his poems and stories. True, many of them were told over and over again. Yet there seemed no limit to his resources for entertaining them. Even his conversation about Italy—Venice, Naples and the Vatican,—enunciated with the familiarity of a native, was fascinating. One might easily have been persuaded that he was Italian, but for his perfect English. He never said.

His propensity for memorizing, his great talent for interpretation, his keen sense of humor, his gripping style of delivery, and appealing personality and fineness of character, made him a genius and an actor of the highest type. They marveled at his skill, and wondered more and more why he was there; what hidden circumstances kept him satisfied to remain among them?

A boy—only a boy, but with a mind and talent far beyond their grasp. He was the wonder of Buck Creek camp, but his fame spread slowly, for men who wandered in from time to time, if given work at all, falling under the spell of his enchantment scarcely ever sought the sordid amusements of Austin again. All but Ghost Morgan, whose monthly sprees kept on with the regularity of observatory time.

Then Rowle received through the mail a little box from an Eastern mail-order house. It contained some tools: chisels, knives and other devices for fine work in wood. With the arrival of these he produced from under his bunk some boards which he had been carefully seasoning. Thereafter his evenings were occupied in a two-fold fashion. As he talked he worked, carving, chiseling, sandpapering—and gradually the pieces of seasoned pine and maple assumed the shape of a violin.

"Why don't you buy one and be done with it?" McGarvey had asked, when finally he saw what the boy was making.

"None satisfy so well as when I make them," the lad answered. "What I make I know, and knowing, love and understand. You shall see." And on he worked, with a patience and ardor at which all marveled.

Even as the violin grew from fragmentary pieces of board into the artful lines and curves of a besouled instrument of music; so Ghost Morgan's subtle hate developed into a merciless scheme. Carefully he laid his plans, for there was more than the boy to injure; there was a crew of muscular and reckless lumber-jacks who must be won completely to his own side simultaneously with the culmination of his evil designs, or all

would not go well with Ghost Morgan. At last came the opportune time.

Morgan returned to Buck Creek after an unusually prolonged spree—a spree that had been not all spree. He had traced this youngster genius back to his very origin—and he knew, at last, why the lad was there, hidden in the heart of the forests, secure in the fast solitude of the logging frontier. And what he knew caused a malicious grin to spread slowly across his lips. But he dared not tell too abruptly what he had learned. The camp would rather believe him a liar than the boy. He must shatter their faith, disort their affections, brand Rowle with a brand of low cunning and hypocrisy. In the logging camp, most all things are tolerated,—drunkenness, debauchery, adultery, shame of divers natures. But one thing is not tolerated, unfairness and mean pretension. These should be his weapons, and when the wound was made with these, he would deal the death blow. He would reveal why Rowle had sought the mountains as a haven from the past.

A month slipped by. This payday Morgan would digress from his customary week of drunkenness. Another should enjoy the spree instead, and with ample funds to make it a good one. Buck Creek paid its men with cash. The currency arrived on the last of every month and was locked overnight in the commissary safe. Morgan had long since learned the combination of that safe—rather by accident than by intention. But he had found it profitable to know many things in his checkered career, and information no matter how easily obtained was not cast thoughtlessly aside. It took very little ingenuity to possess himself with the monthly pay-roll. Other things also were to his advantage. Young Rowle had long ago formed the habit of walking up the track always before rolling into his bunk—the men thought because he didn't like to undress before them, and laughed at the idea. But in reality it was to clear his lungs of the foul air of the bunk-house before attempting to sleep with it all night.

Morgan saw an opportunity in this to make his scheme even more plausible, and for several weeks had been leaving the bunk house also, about the time the lad began entertaining the men. He loathed the boy's popularity and the camp was well aware why he would not stay. Little did they care. He always came in long after even Rowle had retired.

This night he followed the boy, overtaking him a quarter of a mile from the camp. Omitting preliminaries, Morgan sprang upon the youngster, overpowered him and poured a pint of bitter whiskey down his throat. Jerking him to his feet, Morgan half dragged the poor, dazed Rowle out through

the timber, skirted around the sleeping camp, and marched him a weary five miles to Austin, taking care the while that they were not seen. Rowle was not long getting under the influence of the whiskey. Just outside Austin, Morgan threw the boy on the ground under a scraggly tree, slipped the Buck Creek pay-roll in his coat pocket and trudged back to camp. It was still dark, but nearly morning, when he arrived. The men in the bunk house were all sleeping soundly. He rolled in, and waited for the shrill clanging of the triangle. The men were always paid at the breakfast table. Rowle's absence would tell its own story.

"Boys," McGarvey stood in the doorway of the cook car, his face wrinkled with an ugly scowl. Rapidly he checked up on the men present. A bitter twang jerked at his heart when he saw who it was that was missing. "Somebody stole the pay-roll last night. There is only one who is not here this morning. I'm sorry. I can't believe it. But my eyes tell me it's true."

The men cast hasty glances from one to the other. Spare-ribs stood beside the foreman.

"Well," ventured the cook, looking doubtfully at the empty plate. "It won't hurt nobody much but Morgan."

A nervous chuckle spread around the table.

"Can't stop for that," scowled Morgan. "Got to have my little feed of booze, just the same."

Then men rose from the table without further comment and boarding the logging train, went to their respective duties in the woods. As usual Morgan laid off, and when, two hours later, the train passed the camp loaded with logs, he swung on and went to Austin. He found Rowle where he had left him, lying in drunken stupor beneath the tree. Morgan waited and watched. At last the boy woke up, staggered to his feet, and after gazing dazedly about, stumbled on to the main street of the village, sick and crazy headed. Morgan had been waiting for this. Now was his chance. He hurried into the saloon and called Buck Creek by phone.

"Tell McGarvey, young Rowle is in Austin, drunk as a stewed pigeon," he shouted over the wire.

Two hours later McGarvey sped into Austin on a bicycle. The Buck Creek foreman was a man who looked farther than his nose. He found Rowle, and escorting him out of the village, searched him. He found the payroll, where Morgan had placed it, in the boy's coat pocket. All was there except twenty dollars. Morgan had done his work thoroughly.

McGarvey loaded the lad on the logging train and brought him back to camp. Morgan had not looked for this. He de-

cided to remain in town until the following night, and at least pretend to have his spree.

"Why don't you turn 'im over and let the city jail have a cultured patron fer one night?" he queried suggestively, hoping McGarvey would reconsider.

"Because I'm going to take care of this myself." The foreman was gruff and untalkative.

Morgan thought a moment, then the shadow of a smile flitted across his mouth. "So much the better," he thought and walked off.

McGarvey tumbled the boy on his bunk and left him to sleep off his intoxication. That night the men received their pay—all but Rowle. For two days the youngster was sick in bed. The stolen money was not so much as mentioned to him. The loggers were silent and sullen. For the life of him, the boy could not remember what had happened—what had made him so sick: Why was everybody so silent and angry looking? Why did no one come and talk with him?

Morgan returned as he had planned, and while the boy still lay sick and stupid in his bunk, he proceeded with his plot. Producing an old Portland newspaper, he passed it round to the men. They stared with speechless surprise at a large photograph, unquestionably Rowle's. Beneath it ran the glaring headlines:

Youthful Musician Deals Mortal Blow to Young Girl

Then followed the story:

"Late last night Sebastian Rosandi, well known in Portland musical circles, struck with a chair and fatally wounded Mildy Gross, his girl sweetheart. The young people were alone in the Gross parlor when the accident took place. The girl's parents sitting in another part of the house, were suddenly attracted by loud talking followed by a crashing sound. Immediately the girl screamed and they rushed into the parlor to find her lying on the floor beside a broken chair. Her skull was crushed and she was in an unconscious condition. The boy fled through a window just as Mr. Gross entered the room. His violin, which he had been playing a short time before, was found lying in a corner with the neck broken off. Police have not yet overtaken Rosanidi. Physicians say the girl can not live."

McGarvey was the last to read this. He tossed the paper on the table, and tilting his chair against the wall scrutinized Morgan intently.

"Huh!" he grunted and walked out.

A couple of days later the boy was able to roam around the camp and take his meals at the cook car. The men never talked to him. He was completely ostracized, and he felt keenly the stigma of this silent reproach. But why? What had he done?

One night McGarvey saw him lying across a log some distance back of the camp, weeping. He controlled his impulse to go to him and comfort the youngster. Instead he walked silently away and entered the bunk house.

"Why let this go on? Better have it over with. Maybe the kid did swipe the money, most likely did—but—" His thoughts were interrupted by Rowles entrance. The boy went direct to his bunk and tossed himself upon it.

McGarvey went over to him.

"Son," his voice was relentlessly stern, "it's about time you was making some explanations about a few things. The boys are mighty curious to know why you stole the pay-roll the other night."

Rowle sat up and swung his feet over the side of the bunk.

"The pay-roll?—me—steal the pay-roll?" He looked thoroughly puzzled.

"Yea. What made *you* steal the *pay-roll*?"

The boy shook his head with bewilderment. "Why I—I didn't steal the pay-roll. Why—I don't know what you mean?"

"No-o, you didn't get drunk as a soused rat either, did you?" interjected Morgan.

"I'm doin' this," snapped McGarvey. But Morgan was running no chances. He knew McGarvey would do everything to shield the youngster.

"You didn't kill Mildy Gross neither. Oh, no, you didn't do nothin'," he pursued "you sweet little angel-faced son of the devil. We admits you sure slipped it over on us, with your perty poems and high felutin' pertendin' to be so good."

McGarvey sprang to his feet and whirled on Morgan,

"Shut your mouth, will ye. You—"

Rowle had been sitting wide-eyed with amazement through these stinging rebukes. Suddenly a picture loomed before his vision—Morgan, oh, he knew! "You—you," pointing at Ghost, "he made me drunk. He caught me that night and poured whiskey down me. He—" The boy sank back on his bunk. A gruff laughter gurgled about the room.

"Ho, ho," growled Kelly Richter, one of the skimmers, "Morgan poured it down, eh? Don't lie, kid. We've stood aplenty already. What about the girl ye murdered, ye wanton. Why don't ye lay that on to Morgan, too?"

"The girl?" a wild, bewildered look crept into his eyes. "The girl," he whispered. "Poor little Mildy—oh—" His eyes fell upon his violin hanging on the wall. He reached for it, and took it in his arms—pressed it to his breast. He swayed a bit and gripped the table. The men stared. The wild look in his eyes gave way to a pleading, far away expression. He

raised the instrument to his neck and ran the bow gently across the strings. The instrument gave forth a sweet, plaintive note like the weeping of a child. The very silence in the room seemed to hush. The men had never heard him play. The music crept upon them with the stealth and charm of a siren. On and on he played, the violin sobbing and laughing in his hands giving vent to the hysteria in his heart—breaking into exultant outpourings of song and mirth—the gurgling of brooks—the shouting and laughter of happy children! And then again the moaning of soft breezes through the trees, something like an anguished mother's prayer. Suddenly it cried out and wept in sheer agony of spirit, and hot tears darted from the boy's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Then it fell to sobbing, softer, softer, until it died away with a little tremulous wail of despair. The lad sank to a bench, throwing the instrument on the table, and buried his face in his arms.

"Oh, I didn't mean to," he sobbed. "She broke my violin—I was crazy for a minute—God knows I wouldn't have done it."

McGarvey sat down beside him, slipping his great arm about the lad's shoulders.

"Poor kid," he growled hoarsely, "I knew it all along. The papers say your Mildy didn't die."

The boy raised his eyes and fixed them on McGarvey's face.

"Mildy didn't die?" His face lighted with a sudden joy and forming into a tender, happy smile shone lustrously through his tears, while rough-hewed men in dirty overalls and mack-inaws brushed their eyes with dust soaked handkerchiefs—and far down the track toward Austin, Ghost Morgan hurried away. This time he would not come back.

Alton, Utah

"Songs for the Toilers"

From the Stratford Company, Publishers, No. 12 Pearl Street, Boston, Massachusetts, the *Improvement Era* has received *Songs for the Toilers*, by Ezra J. Poulsen of Nephi, Utah, a book of poems containing messages of good fellowship to cheerful work-a-day folks who move down the highway of life.

The author is not unknown to our readers, several of his poems and other writings having appeared from time to time in the *Improvement Era*. In the advertisement for the book, on the cover page, we are told that throughout the volume there runs the idea that useful labor, sustained by faith, is one of the most fundamental joys of life, and that close in kin to it are the joys of home, kindred and wholesome recreation. The message of the book is one of hope and good cheer, and one might well spend a profitable evening with *Songs for the Toilers*, and their genial author, Ezra J. Poulsen, Price, postpaid, \$1.

The Bible and Life

By Joseph A. West

I.—Pre-existence

Finding that the study of evolution is implanting infidelity in the minds of the youth of America, William J. Bryan lately employed his forensic ability to get the teaching of it excluded from the public schools. Before the late Kentucky Legislature, he came within one of securing enough votes to pass a law of this kind. This so enraged certain advocates of evolution that he has been the object of ridicule and attack ever since.

From the general tenor of the articles in opposition to him one would be led to suppose that, to be consistent with the Bible, all Christians must believe that the earth and all it contained were created just 5,926 years ago, in six days, of twenty-four hours each; that Adam and Eve were created in the last period thereof, "out of the dust of the ground," as a man would mould a graven image. Therefore, in the final analysis, it was only a question as to which was the most dignified origin for man—mud or monkey. It appears also to be thought that Adam, instead of dying in the day of twenty-four hours in which he partook of the forbidden fruit, lived to be 939 years of age, and, therefore, that the Bible contradicts itself.

In rebuttal of the first three suppositions, reference need only to be made to the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis:

"These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, when they were created, in the day that the Lord made the earth and the heavens; and every plant of the field before it was in the earth and every herb before it grew."

All the creative periods were thus included in one, and it is evident that the word "day" meant an indefinite period of time, and not a day of twenty-four hours.

In the *Pearl of Great Price*, one of the four standard works of the Church (the others being the *Bible*, the *Book of Mormon*, and the *Doctrine and Covenants*), among other ancient, divinely inspired writings translated from Egyptian papyrus by Joseph Smith, we have an account of the vision of Moses, which vision is held to have formed the basis of the account of creation as given in the first two chapters of Genesis. This account in

no way conflicts with the account given in the Bible, but makes several additions thereto which greatly clarify its meaning. In it the word "times" takes the place of the word, "day," agreeing with the foregoing conclusion that all creative days were of indefinite length, so that no matter how long the earth's creative periods may have been, there is likely to be no inharmony between the Scriptures and the deductions of science on the matter of the age of the earth.

We find other seeming inharmonies between the first and second chapters of Genesis. The first chapter gives a brief but complete account of creation, including man; and yet the fifth verse of the second chapter declares, after all this had taken place, that, "there was not a man to till the ground."

"And the Lord formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (Gen. 2:7.)

Furthermore, we read in verse 9:

"For out of the ground the Lord made to grow every tree that was pleasant to the sight, and good for food."

And verse 19 reads:

"For out of the ground the Lord formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air."

All of which, according to chapter 1, already had been created, thus causing apparent confusion or uncertainty as to what all this might mean. In the *Pearl of Great Price* the mystifying passages of these two chapters are clarified most beautifully and harmoniously. After the fourth verse, as quoted above, the following is added:

"For I, the Lord, created all things of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth: * * * and I, the Lord, had created all the children of men, and not yet a man to till the ground, for in heaven created I them, and there was not yet flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, neither in the air; * * * and I, the Lord, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul; nevertheless, all things were before created, but spiritually were they created and made, according to my word."

It will therefore be seen that the first chapter relates to the spiritual and the second to the temporal, or earthly creation, and that not only man, but all created things, have a dual existence consisting of a spiritual and an earthly organization which are united in life and separated in death.

It also makes plain the doctrine of pre-existence, which to the Latter-day Saints generally appears irreconcilably opposed to

the evolution theory of the origin of man. As it is so vital to this subject, I will add the following before proceeding further:

Among the Christians outside of the "Mormon" Church there seems to be a wide difference of opinion upon this doctrine of pre-existence. Some deny it altogether. Some believe that man had an unconscious, impersonal pre-existence, but no religious sect, either Christian or Pagan, so far as my reading and observation go, teaches the kind of pre-existence believed in by the Latter-day Saints, and which is as strongly entrenched behind scriptural authority as any other doctrine of the "Mormon" faith. Joseph Smith revealed, as a divine principle, the conscious, individual pre-existence of all mankind, including all animal life.

William J. Bryan, in his *Prince of Peace*, makes the following remarkable statement:

"Six thousand years of recorded history, and yet we know no more about the secret of life than we knew in the beginning."

"Mormon" philosophy declares the pre-existent spirit to be the life-giving, vitalizing power of all organized life; and that when a man dies, the dust of which his body is composed returns to the earth, and his spirit, which is an exact counterpart of the body, returns to God from whence it came. In proof of this we have the following from the Bible, and from modern revelation:

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was;" [referring to death] "and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." (Ecc. 12:7.)

The four beasts spoken of (Rev. 4:6) * * * are figurative expressions; * * * that which is spiritual, being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal is in the likeness of that which is spiritual; the spirit of man in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of the beast, and every other creature which God has created." (Doc. and Cov. 77:12.)

When Christ appeared to the brother of Jared he said:

"Behold * * * this is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh." (Book of Mormon, Ether 3:16.)

To disprove the doctrine of unconscious, impersonal pre-existence, one needs to refer to the life of our Savior and his relationship to mankind: Paul speaks of him as our "Elder Brother," or "the Firstborn of every creature." Col. 1:15; "The Firstborn among many brethren." Rom. 8:29; and "The Firstbegotten." Heb. 1:6. As Christ lived four thousand years after Adam these quotations must refer to his pre-existent state. He also says in Col. 1:16: "For by him [Christ] were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and

invisible." To accomplish this wonderful work he must have been, not only a conscious being, but a most powerful and intelligent one; and since he is our elder Brother of the same primeval family, we must necessarily have had a conscious personal pre-existence like him, though inferior in many other respects.

Christ's prayer before he went to Gethsemane is also most conclusive proof of his conscious personal pre-existence, and hence, indirectly, of our own:

"Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (John 17:5-24.)

Without a conscious pre-existence, he could not have had personal pre-existent glory such as he here refers to.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, and many psychologists, believe in life after death, but not in pre-existent life. If, after death, the spirit still lives, it seems inconsistent to believe that it did not exist before the body was created.

Upon the general subject of pre-existence, the following are but a few of the many scriptural passages that can be cited in proof thereof: Job 38:4-7; Ecc. 12:7; Mat. 6:9; Heb. 12:9; Jer. 1:5; Eph. 1:4-5; Rev. 12:7.

Man's pre-existence is beautifully set forth in the following from the Book of Abraham:

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them and he said: These will I make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he said unto me, Abraham, thou art one of them, thou wast chosen before thou wast born, And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those that were with him, We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; and they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever." (*Pearl of Great Price*, III: 22-26.)
Logan, Utah.

Have You the Information?

"Mother and sister are very anxious to hear from WALTER S. CALLAWAY. He is about twenty-one years old, joined the "Mormon" Church at Houston, Texas, came west and for a time was at St. Anthony, Idaho. We believe he is still located in some "Mormon" community. Please address any information to J. A. Young, Beaver, Utah.

Straws in the Wind

By Annette Mott

"Oh dear!" It was an exclamation in which there mingled both exasperation and regret.

Janet Wells stood by a cement rimmed pool in the park and watched her hat floating about upon the surface of the water at the mercy of the summer wind. It was a very nice hat. It was quite worth the money she had paid for it, if one considered style and quality and, looking at Janet as she knelt to recover it, you could not have inferred by her dress, voice, or manner, just how much the loss of the hat would involve.

If she had been idling here because she had nothing else to do, which seemed apparent, she no doubt had access to an income sufficient to cover the loss of the hat without any real sacrifice on her part, but if its replacement meant extensive inroads upon the contents of the next pay envelope—well, that would be a different thing.

She did try to recover it, however. Perhaps it was her favorite hat; perhaps in a conciliatory mood she had promised it to her maid—it being also the maid's favorite choice.

While she knelt upon the edge of the pool with her arm extended—it wasn't a very long arm so that it didn't reach far—the hat still playfully eluded her finger-tips, and the expression of annoyance on her face had changed to one of wistful regret. She said, "Oh dear," again, with a sigh.

"What you need is a cane." The words were spoken by a young man who had arrived apparently out of nowhere, and before she could move he had knelt beside her and was suiting his action to his words.

The little hat was in a teasing mood. Three times they changed their position, laughing and excited, before with final triumph they drew it in.

When they had risen there was a moment of rapid mutual inspection, first of each other, and then of the hat.

"Impossible?" he asked holding it up on the end of his cane.

"Not a bit," she answered.

He immediately whisked out his handkerchief and began drying it carefully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter at all, really, she laughed. I can

carry it like this, while it dries, and I can easily walk home from here. It was silly taking all that trouble, but it was rather fun, after all."

She stood on a bit of sward full in the sun. Her bright hair seemed both to absorb and reflect the glory of it. Her face was fair and appealing and at present flushed with excitement. Her eyes were the color of a moody sea.

The hat once more in her possession, she stood for an instant undecided. Her eyes sought the face of a clock in a tower across the park. If the young man noticed the merest shade of concern which accompanied her search or the instant relief from anxiety that followed it, he made no sign.

She was thinking: "I have an hour and forty-seven minutes."

He was thinking: "She has it, how lovely. Once in a hundred years."

I do not know to what he referred but I am sure it was not the hat. It might have been her beauty which was in excess of that usually attributed to mere youth. It might have been some particular quality of tone in her voice or that subtle something termed the racing strain—an impression of the thoroughbred that never quite gets into the vocabulary because it just escapes being described.

As she began to move away the young man reflected for a moment that she needed protection. His thought seemed to run along its own path.

"I think I ought to go with you for a ways. No one can tell what might happen—to that hat"—he added smiling. Whereupon she smiled in return, and looked as if she might have desired that arrangement all along: as if, perhaps, she was following a whim rather than a destination in the direction she took.

They turned and moved toward the bright length of the park in a sort of transitory wonder that the opportunity for spending an hour or so together had furnished no difficulties whatever.

The Island of Manhattan is, without doubt, the greatest commercial center on the entire western hemisphere. Any encyclopedia would mention that; but here in its very center two young people might walk on a summer morning, under favorable conditions, as much shut away from its confusion and commercialism as if it had been the heart of the Forest of Arden three centuries or more ago. Bees hummed. Birds sang. Flowers bloomed. They walked through sparkling enchantments beneath old trees which the sunshine gilded and caressed.

It was a pre-war June so that the young man, who was to

the unprejudiced just an ordinarily nice young man, couldn't have been a soldier. He could not even have foreseen that Life and Love and Youth which he had been taught, which he believed to be secure, were about to be betrayed to the limit of all violence, to struggle, and to every unmitigated horror of death. Neither could his elders have foreseen it, nor the wise men of his generation, for the shadow was not yet the shade it was, but a cloud the size of a man's hand upon a far horizon.

By and by they left the park and crossed to quiet, fashionable streets. Sometimes they walked in silence. The young man held to his own thoughts. Perhaps he felt no urgent need of set phrases to disturb them. Sometimes a smile grew about his lips, at things she said, and ran over into his eyes as he glanced from time to time at the young lady walking so demurely beside him.

Once she asked serenely, "Do you live up this way, too?"

For a moment he regarded her with the whimsical smile still on his lips.

"You don't for a moment think I'm a millionaire, do you?"

"Well, I must say you look it."

She answered his quick glance quite undisturbed, but there was a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Like a million dollars," he repeated. "Now, I don't know if that's a compliment or not. To tell you the truth, I'm taking a new job this morning."

"Is it something nice?" She was looking straight before her. "Something you'll like very much? It's so beastly to be taking orders from some one you don't care about—to be always on time, trying to make yourself like—well—what you don't like—when all this is just outside." She made a gesture to include the open space where the river gleamed through the trees, even though at this point, it was a creeping river and ships to distant ports rode upon it, freighted for the seas.

"It sure is, he answered, softly. I think I never noticed it so much as this morning."

"What?"

"The weather."

"Silly, any one would like a morning like this, so you're not the least bit peculiar."

They were passing a florist shop. They loitered idly before the great plateglass windows.

"Cinnamon roses!" the young man exclaimed with a little note of surprise in his voice.

"Where?" she questioned, following his eyes.

"Those yellow ones in that tall, green jar. The first I've seen this summer."

After a moment of brief, still appreciation, Janet asked, "Where did you ever see them before?"

She raised her hand to hold her hair straight against the wind. Every gesture she made was full of unconscious attraction, or so it seemed to the young man whose eyes were so often upon her.

"In my grandmother's yard in Vermont," he said, slowly. And then he almost frowned. He made a motion to go into the shop, thought better of it, thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a crumpled dollar bill.

For a moment their minds rested upon the same thought. They regarded the bill and each other amused.

"Better keep your money," Janet said, gaily, and they moved slowly on.

"Which house do you like best?" he asked, presently. They were passing a row of handsome residences.

She gave him a defiant sidewise glance, but she found that he was not observing her very closely just then.

"I suppose you're trying to find out where I live, but you must not try to do that."

"You might say which you like best any way, that wouldn't be telling, would it?"

"Which do you like best?"

"No. 1068 looks—well—homelike I think. It has a bit of a yard and, bless me! an arbor and a tree."

"Oh dear!" she didn't say it out loud but she was thinking of a yard much, much larger, with many wide-spreading old trees and stables and box-bordered walks.

"So do I," she answered, but her interest was waning. Some of the gaiety had fallen out of her voice. "But it's not where I live."

She turned abruptly. The dimples retreated and the merest fringe of the anxiety she had felt a short time before swept her brow and eyes. She removed the pin from the hat by which she had carried it and, striking a pose, she asked archly, as she put the hat on her head, "Is it straight?" and again—suddenly—"Could you tell me the time?"

He nodded, watching her.

"Summer time," he said impulsively, and so low that she could scarcely hear. The whimsical smile spread again to his eyes. Reluctantly he held the open face of his watch for her inspection. Perhaps what the hands indicated was reassuring for she looked up meeting his eyes, a trifle shyly, but she turned away immediately.

"Time for my riding lesson, now," she said, but still she tarried.

A number of rapid thoughts seemed to chase one another over her face without presenting to her consideration one idea that seemed available.

Not a fleeting expression of her face escaped the notice of the young man, however. Perhaps he desired to make things easy for her, for he made a quick decision.

"I'm going back for those roses after all. I'll not be a minute. You can wait that long."

But she couldn't, for the instant he had turned the corner, and she felt convinced he was lost to sight, she ran across a little parked place and hailed an oncoming motor bus. Although much preferring to ride aloft, she chose a seat below near the door, quite hidden from view.

The bus slowly moving southward came by devious ways to the crowding traffic of Broadway and the Avenues.

By and by she left the bus and walked rapidly a half block or so. She was no longer a free creature. She belonged to commercialism after all. Her limitations were set. Her destination was, just at present, no whim.

She entered a very nice place. No doubt she had been there often before, for upon entering she walked with the confidence employment there implied. The interior, though quite appealing to the eye, had long since failed to impress her. The background of tinted wall, the tables, the dresses of the girls, who waited upon them, were in varying tones of gray; the lights, the decorations, the accessories were in one shade of rose.

She noticed with relief that it was five to eleven. She made her way back to a little dressing-room reserved for employees. The last of the loquacious sisterhood at that instant coming out greeted her thus carelessly.

"'Lo Jane, on time, I see."

Janet lowered her eyes to veil the excitement she felt gleaming there, and made an indifferent reply.

She observed her face in the glass. "Not half bad," she told her reflection. Her voice fell to a whisper. Perhaps she referred to the hat. She removed it and carefully hung it on a hook.

If you had gone to Cartiers' that afternoon you might have seen her behind the cashier's desk. One purchased ices, candies and sodas at extreme prices at Cartiers'. If you had happened to look into her eye when she gave you the change you might have observed a new light there which had not been there yesterday, nor the day before, nor the day before that.

But one couldn't follow her home, which was just as well. The little court wasn't so very bad, anyway. June had done a great deal for it. More than any other month could possibly

have done, save, perhaps, October, when the leaves of the half dozen elm trees bronzed and fell and lay in crisp patterns on the strip of green sward beneath them.

In nearly every house that opened upon the little court rooms, and board could be obtained at varying prices so that it came to be called Boarding House Row, but not in the directory. It had a more dignified mention there.

When Janet first had seen the room for which she was asked, as she believed at the time, an exorbitant sum, her heart almost failed her at its bareness. But the contents of her trunk had furnished a number of attractive accessories in chintz overdrapes for the inadequate curtains at the windows; a bright wool afghan sofa cushion; a small rug, and innumerable toilet articles of silver and ivory. She also hung a number of photographs, in frame, along the wall. One was the picture of a big house under great old trees. Sometimes but not often she had wept standing before this when things in general had taken on a very deep, dark shade of discouragement; but now she had employment, and a pay envelope whose contents covered with thoughtful contriving, at least, her immediate needs.

Tonight, everything about her seemed inordinately gay. Standing before her mirror she hummed snatches of a popular song while she brushed and arranged her shining hair. She changed into a sprigged muslin that looked old and sheer as if it had persisted from some more propitious day.

"Stupid old room," she breathed. "Life isn't after all the particular bore we sometimes surmise it to be. It isn't preached down and held in only in spots. There's no limit to impossible things that can happen you know." And to the entire row of photographs, she whispered gaily, as she went out, "Don't worry, dear old darlings, I'll be good."

On her way down the stairs, she heard voices in the hall below. When she arrived there, the landlady, drab, annoyed, weary, to whom June was as November except that the days were longer and thus provided more hours for employment, had already signed for the box.

"For Miss Wells," she said, and laid it across her arm.

Janet ran up to her room again and after a busy instant, there they lay revealed—fifty unbelievable cinnamon roses.

When Alden Gray, the young man of the adventure, saw Janet Wells enter the motor bus he immediately called a taxi.

If you have ever attempted to trail some particular individual in a motor bus, with a million other individuals getting between you and the bus and not that alone but getting on and off a hundred motor busses that look and act alike, you will

know why he said something under his breath softly, at the end of an hour, and abandoned the taxi.

But the desire to sleuth possessed him. "I'll try it," he said to his insistent thought. "Who knows?" And within the next half-hour he was standing again beside the revealing pool in the park, where he had fished for the little hat some time before.

Now Fate or Destiny or both have been employed from time immemorial to solve many an intricate riddle of our lives, and herē, quite beneath his very feet, crumpled and almost lost to sight, was the most obvious illustration of the aforesaid to be found, perhaps, in all Manhattan Island that particular morning in June.

It was a discarded envelope, empty and torn. Alden Gray smoothed it across his palm. On the face of it in cramped handwriting but unmistakably plain, there appeared a name and address—Miss Janet E. Wells, No. 75 Belden Court, New York City, and as if to outdo itself further in illumination there was a return inscription in the upper left-hand corner—Mrs. Gideon Plaum, No. 1121 Trent Boulevard, Richmond, Va.

Now it was that return inscription that accelerated the plans and smoothed the way for the interference of the before-mentioned Fate and Destiny.

At four or thereabout on the same day, Alden Gray, well dressed, smooth shaven, bearing the stamp of an aristocracy not only of wealth but of good breeding, descended the steps of No. 1068 — Street.

He carried a traveling bag. He paused for an instant when he had achieved the walk, almost immediately thought better of his indecision and walked rapidly away. Presently he entered the florist shop where the yellow roses had been displayed earlier in the day. When he again reached the street you could have guessed the destination of the box carefully tied and addressed, awaiting its messenger.

His destination was Richmond. At the identical hour when on the preceding day he had walked with an unknown young lady in the Forest of Arden he was ringing the doorbell at No. 1121 Trent Boulevard.

When he emerged a half-hour later an old lady followed him out upon the wide wisteria-trellissed veranda. She was voluble, small and wiry and dressed in white. The gray curls about her delicate face were confined beneath a small lace cap.

"This is where Judge Wells lived," she said, indicating a place directly opposite—it was the counterpart of the photograph over which Janet so often yearned. "When he died I

wanted Janet to come to me, but, do you know she only waited until the estate was settled and then she went to New York. She didn't have much money either. I'm thinking it must be gone by this time."

Alden Gray was wondering how he might halt that placid flow of information. His coming in the first place had seemed like spying upon a young lady who, after all, was a mere stranger to him, but of course that wasn't the object of his visit at all. He hadn't come down here for that, but wouldn't he have difficulty in explaining to the young lady? Somehow with all his reluctance to hear, the information was not unpleasant. He had surmised the surroundings of her youth sometime before. His eyes were on the old place opposite. Yes, the setting was such as became her. It was no doubt the upbringing her pretty wilfulness attested.

"I don't see how she keeps a position," the little lady continued. "At home she always had her own way. The Judge never crossed her. She did as she pleased. While she staid with me she often said, 'Why, Aunt Sarah, nothing goes on here, and life is change, you know, change and going on.' I was amused, though, in her last letter: 'Dear Aunt Sarah,' she said, 'If you get sick be sure to let me know and I will come.' Now that sounds as if her independence was beginning to wear off doesn't it?"

They had slowly sauntered down the sun-flecked path to the gate, where Alden Gray left her, turning twice to wave as he passed from view.

It was perhaps three days later that the following letter reached Belden Court:

Dear Miss Janet Wells:—You may have guessed before this that I was in possession of your name. I think I shall be perfectly frank at once and tell you that I found an envelope you had dropped in the park. I live with my Great Aunt Emily. I have always been her favorite nephew. I am not in the least to be blamed for this because I am the only near relative she has. When she saw the name of the sender of that letter to you, she sent me at once to Richmond, because the lady who lives at No. 1121 Trent Boulevard was and is an old schoolmate and a very dear friend of my Great Aunt Emily. Many years ago they lived in the same little village in Vermont. My Aunt Emily is old and she has a preference for the friends of her youth so I persuaded your Great Aunt Sarah to make us a visit. She is here and she wants to see you. I am convinced that she needs your care. I am certain that coming so far it would not be dutiful in you to refuse to see her at my aunt's address, and so I am sending the car. Pack a bag with some of your things. I have heard their scheme. They are going to Vermont for a month or two and they are planning to take us along. Now as a pledge that I am sincere, and that I am writing this at my Aunt Emily's request the driver of the car will wear a cinnamon rose. Goodby. Be ready, *dear Miss Janet Wells.*

Yours,

Alden Gray.

After second thought he underscored the word immediately preceding her name.

Now very handsome touring cars with drivers de luxe seldom came into Belden Court and I am sure if the hour of its arrival and departure had not also been the popular dinner hour of the boarding houses which faced upon the twilight court, its appearance might have aroused uncharitable comment.

Janet refused to see the driver. His outfit had not for an instant deceived her. She even watched his concern from her own safe concealment behind her window shade when she sent a note to the effect that she would not see him. She despatched it by a messenger boy who happened to be in the hall, at the time. But upon reading what he scrawled and at once returned to her, she went down and stood by the curb.

The picture she made was decidedly appealing. She wore the old fashioned sprigged muslin. Her cheeks were flushed, but I fancy more in anger than excitement. She stood a trifle defiantly at attention so that the line from the top of her burnished hair to the high heels of her little slippers caught and fascinated and held the eye. She must have said a few bright things because the light in Alden Gray's eyes was very marked and his smile often broke into a laugh in which she did not join, however.

I do not know what a little later led to her decision, but I fancy it was a look which had escaped some deep place in the young man's heart when her eyes met his—the Lochinvar spirit, perhaps, which is after all the lover's immemorial inheritance, for she not only went presently without further protest, but she followed his directions about the bag. There was a whispered consultation with the landlady after which they rode with smooth swiftness away.

The silver crescent of a new moon persisted through the clearing air. A single star of bright magnitude shone. Thus Romance, once more triumphant, passed out of the little court through these age-old enchantments to meet a common destiny.

Write for Free Information

According to the catalogue now being distributed by the Brigham Young University, the fall term at that institution will begin, Monday, September 18. In order to accommodate the many graduates who wish to take their Master's degrees from the institution, a graduate division has been added. For the school year 1922-23 about twice as many courses are being offered as were ever offered by the institution before. A catalogue giving full particulars regarding the parent Church school may be had by writing for one to the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Don't Ever Pretend

By James Sickles Hart

[A gentleman of the latter century once made the statement that took in the entire field of literary endeavor. It was this. "No matter who has written it, if it has any semblance of a plot, or a series of interlinked events following one another to a logical or semi-mythical conclusion, a story has a moral attached to it." I grant this, but I do argue that *some* stories are far too complicated for the average person to grasp. I call to mind a recent thesis entitled, "Einstein's Theory"; while it is undoubtedly a splendid specimen of advanced scientific data I wish to know how many outside the sixteen super-mathematicians of the world grasped the deeply hidden moral of that three-hundred page lecture on the idiosyncrasies of illuminative bodies. Not wishing the elusive reason for the following sermon to be disregarded, I have begun with the moral first, and am telling the story afterward, in direct contradiction to the approved and universally accepted laws of rhetoric.—*Author's note*]

It was to a very popular cafe to which the boy escorted the girl. A uniformed attendant held wide the doors, and a bebuttoned lad received the young lady's cloak and the gentleman's hat, cane and overcoat. The head waiter bowed them into a screened compartment, and tactfully withdrew.

When the boy was sure that the man had indeed left them, he turned eagerly to the girl. "By George, that was good of you to let me—" he began enthusiastically.

"Why, not at all," she answered quickly, not wishing him to say too much.

Idly he traced designs on the table cloth, not knowing exactly what to say. Through lowered lashes she surveyed him carefully. Before her she saw a boy of perhaps twenty, the usual type of third year university students. He was good looking, though, she mused, smiling to herself, and his careless expenditure of money and immaculate, debonair manner of dress would seem to indicate that he was of a family of means. Another criterion of his evident endless supply of money was the brilliant settings in his tie pin and ring. All this she took in and mentally tabulated in the short space of sixteen seconds. Such is the rapidity of the calculating and observing proclivities of the feminine mind.

But the silence was awkward and weighed heavily upon the youth, so he burst out again. "Really, Miss LaMotte, you must think that I am—er—well, I don't know what you think of

such presumption as mine. Think of it," he laughed softly, "only seeing you once before this, and now I have the pleasure of—"

She raised her hand with a gracefully reproving motion and silenced him. She managed to blush very prettily at the remembrance of their wholly unconventional meeting, and smilingly answered him, "Yes, it is quite a coincidence, isn't it? But then, in my profession, I become accustomed to strange things. Did you see my last play? No? You should have seen it, the critics did me the honor to say that it was the best that they have seen this season."

"I have not seen you, but every one knows Marie De LaMotte! Why your fame is—" but noticing her blush, he hesitated, then finished with a touch of pride, "And just to think, dining with the famous Miss LaMotte!"

Just then the curtains parted, and a burly son of Erin, his broad chest covered by a square yard of starched linen, came in.

"Yer orther, sor!" he asked politely.

As the boy looked up, the frigid formality melted away from the waiter's face, and a broad grin spread across his flushed, ruddy visage.

"Begora! An' ef ut ain't Danny O'Brien, I'm a liar! Well, well, how air ye? An' is yer pap still on th' sewer departmunt back hum? Sure, an' I ain't laid me two eyes on ya since ya was a biy, arunnin' irrands fer yer mither! But ye better give me yer orther Danny, er th' bos'll be comin' in an' awonthering why I ain't arushin'," he finished in a whisper, a friendly light beaming in his eyes.

Danny's complexion changed from a deep crimson to a malarial yellow, then to a sickly, pasty white. Slowly the blood rushed back into his face, flooded from his collar to the roots of his hair. He looked at the traced hieroglyphics that he had drawn a few moments before, not daring to meet the withering glance of scorn that he knew to be in the flashing eyes of the woman across from him.

Slowly she arose, and with stinging sarcasm addressed Danny, "Oh, excuse me, Mr. O'Brien, I think that I have another engagement!"

For the first time the waiter looked at Danny's partner, and when their eyes met, he laughed derisively. "Shoor, an' whin hez Becky Cohn got t' be sich a gran' loidy? Begorra, yer old dad must be makin' awrful good money wid thet pawn shop o' his! Say, Becky," he teased, in retaliation of her thrust at Danny, "What ja iver do wid yer pig tails?"

Limply the girl sank back in her chair, staring open-mouthed at the huge wizard before her.

Danny, too, was staring at him, but the astonished gaze turned slowly to a widening grin, and for the benefit of the girl opposite him, he let just a burr slip in his speech as he said, "Awright, Mike, b-b-bring on th' b-b-best ya got!"

With dancing eyes he surveyed the crestfallen girl, she, happening to look up, caught his laughing expression, and cried at him tearfully, "Danny O'Brien, don't you dare laugh!"

Danny sobered instantly. "I won't," he promised, but a casual observer would have noticed that his eyes twinkled, and his lips twitched suspiciously at the corners.

Montpelier, Idaho

The Song of the World

A bard made rhyme on the king's highway,
 A migrant minstrel bold,
 And all who tarried might hear his lay—
 The pilgrim worn—the courtier gay,
 For he was glad and he sang all day,
 A wondrous song of old.

The king swept by with his pageantry,
 Nor harkened ever a strain,
 No alms to a vagrant minstrelsy,
 While he of the realm's first majesty,
 Must hie him away on his embassy—
 Away from the blest refrain.

A knight in his armoured panoply,
 Charged forth at the tocsin call,
 For his was a regal errantry,
 To fight for a liege and a dynasty—
 The song and the singer for such as he,
 Had chantment never at all.

The martman's visage was old with care,
 As over the hill he climbed,
 With gold elusive and hard to spare,
 What mattered to him the day was fair,
 That out on the highway over there,
 The song of the world was rhymed?

They passed him by through the gladsome day,
 As on they thronged and on,
 A hurrying, motly pageant they,
 The viceroy and the poppin-jay,
 And to all who came he sang his lay—
 O what was his wondrous song?

They passed him by on the king's high-way,
 In the olden golden day,
 The king and his courtiers long are dust,
 The martman's gold is tawdry rust,
 But the song was Love and live it must,
 When the world shall pass away.

Mesa, Ariz.

Bertha A. Kleinman

Lest We Forget

By Dr. Seymour B. Young, of the First Council of Seventy

X—Captain Lot Smith (Concluded)

Under date of April, 1902, the *Deseret News* contained an account of Captain Smith's funeral, from which the facts herein are largely gathered:

"Ten years have elapsed since the death of Lot Smith the famous pioneer and soldier, (he died June 21, 1892) yet at the memorial service yesterday (April 7, 1902) it seemed as if that heroic spirit was hovering near to stir in the breasts of his old comrades that love and devotion with which he inspired them a half century ago. The occurrence of yesterday was a memorable event, touching not only the life of the departed man and the members of his family but also a score of those old veterans who struggled and fought with him, and to this day cherish the memory as one of the dearest tenants of their hearts. Many of them had the opportunity yesterday to testify of the character of their captain, and their words of love touched the hearts of all present, and tears flowed freely from many eyes.

"If the spirit of Captain Smith had been permitted to re-enter his body he would have been surrounded by more of his men than had been with him since the Indian campaign on the Snake river in 1862, and they would all have been prepared to follow him wherever he led. The spirit of the entire party of veterans was manifest in the expression of one of their number who exclaimed, that he never wished for a better leader; and if, on the other side of the veil, it became necessary to fight for the protection of friends his only wish would be to be led by Captain Lot Smith.

"In all the eulogies pronounced yesterday over the remains of him who was one of Utah's bravest of the brave, the conclusion would be forced upon one, that for care and forethought exercised in behalf of his men, Lot Smith never had a superior. The master impulse of his nature was fidelity to duty, self sacrifice and all unremitting thought for the comfort and safety of those who followed him. If to display these qualities in the highest degrees is to be a great leader, then Lot Smith has a clear title to the name.

"Although his body has been mouldering in the grave for a decade, it was as if his spirit had just taken its flight, and the services bore all the aspects of a funeral following immediately after death.

"There were present his immediate family including nine grandchildren, and as the speakers would relate one after the other the noble acts of their captain, tears would suffuse the eyes of the members of his household, and not only they but many others went, including many of the grey-haired veterans who had not wiped tears from their eyes for years.

"These circumstances together with the crowded meetinghouse, the presence of some of the leading men in the community, including President Joseph F. Smith, together with the fact that the remains had been brought from Arizona, after lying there for so long, called up the reflec-

tion of how great must have been the love that effected this change in the hero's last resting place. It all tended to add to the pathos of the scene.

"There was not that deep and almost insufferable sorrow that follows the passing of a young spirit, but rather the pathos that lies in the tribute that brave men pay to a brave man."

The funeral party left Salt Lake, at 12:50 p. m. and numbered about one hundred. Among them were President Joseph F. Smith, President John R. Winder, John Henry Smith, Heber J. Grant, M. F. Cowley, A. O. Woodruff, Presidents Seymour B. Young, Joseph W. McMurrin, A. Milton Musser, L. John Nuttall, Charles H. Wilcken. Fifteen of the company present served under Captain Smith in the Civil War campaign of 1862. Their names are as follows, Seymour B. Young, Joseph H. Felt, Charles Crismon, J. I. Atkinson, T. H. Harris, A. S. Rose, William Longstroth, James Sharp, James Larkins, Solomon Hale, Laconius Barnard, W. C. Allen, Ira N. Hinckley, Samuel Bateman, and Samuel H. Hill.

Of those who were with Lot Smith in the campaign of 1857, during the Johnston Army invasion, were James P. Terry, Joseph Parry, Orson P. Arnold, and John Bagley. These men served personally under the famous captain, but there were many others who fought in Indian campaigns of later years, for it is doubtful if there has been a more notable gathering of the representatives of the old Utah Militia for years, and it was fitting that such a gathering should be about the remains of the master martial spirit of that period.

The remains were in charge of Joseph William Taylor, and were on the train from Salt Lake. At the Farmington depot they and the escorting party were met by a score or more of carriages and driven to the tabernacle where the services were held. The stores were all closed in honor of the deceased, and it looked as if the entire populace had turned out to pay their last respects to one whose home was once among them.

The casket was draped in the American flag, and was borne to and from the wagon by Samuel Bateman, James Sharp, Charles H. Wilcken, Orson P. Arnold, Joseph H. Felt and Samuel Hill. These were all members of Captain Smith's company and performed these last sad offices with more than passing love. The services began at 2 o'clock and were presided over by Bishop J. M. Secrist, of Farmington. The music was furnished by the Farmington choir under the direction of Joseph Robinson, and the opening hymn was, "Gates Ajar." Prayer was offered by President Seymour B. Young, followed by the rendition of the hymn, "God is Just."

The first speaker was President John R. Winder, who began by reading a letter of regret from Bishop R. T. Burton, who explained that he was unable to be present on account of a severe cold, but wished to reassure the family of the departed leader of his never failing love and esteem for his memory.

President Winder, then stated that he had looked forward with interest for some time to the bringing home of the remains of Lot Smith. "I always admired Lot Smith," said he, "for his bravery; he always stood ready to do his part, and his men loved and obeyed him, for he was kind to them and always in the lead."

The next speaker was Samuel Bateman, of West Jordan, whose tribute was very impressive. He said that this was one of the most joyful days he had ever experienced, as it was the consummation of the efforts of months. A kinder or more fearless man than Lot Smith never lived. "I have seen him under the most trying circumstances, but I have never known him to lose his self possession; and if conditions were such that any of the

men must go hungry, he was always one that went without. I have been working for months to have these dear remains brought from their lonesome resting place in Arizona, and now that this is accomplished, I am unable to express my joy." Lot Smith never slept, said the speaker, at least it seemed so to me. He was always ready, and knew when to strike, and his blows always counted. "I do not want and never expect to find, a better leader, and when I reach the other side, if it ever becomes necessary to fight for the protection of friends, I want to follow Lot Smith."

Elder Solomon Hale, the next speaker was a member of Captain Smith's company, in 1862, and was with him under many trying circumstances. "Lot Smith was a man who never knew fear—he never faltered, he was not a driver. Drivers go behind, but he was a leader, always in the front, except when the danger was in the rear, then he was behind." Elder Hale stated that he slept with Captain Smith for three months. One night he walked the camp all night, broken-hearted, because of the death of one of his men who had been drowned in the Snake river. Captain Smith was a brave, true, and good man and was always ready to lay down his life for his friends, he will always live and will never die in the hearts of his men who were with him and knew him as he was.

President Seymour B. Young, pronounced a striking eulogy upon his dead captain. Before doing so, however, he read a letter from Comrade S. H. W. Riter in which he expressed his keen regret at being unable to attend the memorial services. President Young then proceeded to relate many interesting anecdotes connected with the Civil War service of 1862, in which the cool bravery of Captain Smith stood out so conspicuously.

On one occasion the speaker and the captain rode out in advance of the company in quest of something to eat, as the men had been without rations for several days. They finally met up with a company of emigrants who insisted that Captain Smith and his comrade were members of a band of robbers, and informed them that they were to be hanged to the end of a wagon tongue; not much impression was made apparently upon the two soldiers, and Captain Smith stated that if they would furnish some provisions that would be the thing for them to do.

President Young declared that Captain Smith refused to eat and that day after day he went without, that others might have to satisfy their hunger. Captain Smith seemed full of the spirit of self denial, he was a natural born leader, though he was humble as a child, and filled that beautiful poetic expression, the bravest are the tenderest.

"I have this to say of my comrade, our commander," said comrade James Sharp: "There lies a man who never knew fear. He was gentle as a woman and as brave as a lion. I knew him as a citizen, as a soldier, and also as a missionary of the Church, when he was a humble preacher of the gospel in a foreign land, and he was always the same brave, true, genial, kind-hearted man. His soul was full of good cheer and of love."

Other eulogies breathing the same testimony as those already given of the bravery, unselfishness, devotion, and tenderness of Captain Lot Smith were spoken by Orson P. Arnold who was accidentally shot in the leg at the time of his service under Captain Smith during the Echo Canyon war. Joseph H. Felt, Samuel Hill, President Ira N. Hinckley of the Millard stake, James P. Terry, Thomas Ahhott, Joseph Parry of Ogden who was with Lot Smith at Ham's Fork when he led his men out of a trap set by Captain Marcey who later became secretary of war, also President Hess of Davis stake whose tribute was a glowing one. President A. W. Ivins of Mexico, who was associated with Lot Smith in Arizona in

1875, testified of the kindness of Captain Smith, being ever ready to help those who stood in need, whether he be Jew or Gentile.

The last address was made by President Joseph F. Smith who said he was thankful that the remains of Captain Lot Smith had been brought home where they might rest among friends. "He was a generous, noble-hearted man. History will record the fact that Lot Smith was one of the notable figures of the past. In every instance he discharged his duty to the very best of his ability."

G. W. Palmer, a son-in-law of the deceased, expressed in behalf of the family their deep appreciation of the words and acts of love for their husband and father, manifested by his former comrades. Thanks were also extended to the special committee that had the funeral in hand. This committee consisted of John Walsh, David Hess, E. F. Richards, Mrs. Ardella Walsh and Esther Meadows.

The services closed with the rendition of the hymn, "Nearer, my God to Thee," and the benediction was pronounced by President Jesse N. Smith. The remains, followed to the cemetery by a large cortege of carriages, were interred for the final rest in the family plot. The grave was dedicated by President Joseph E. Taylor, and the closing prayer was offered by Joseph H. Felt.

"Thus a most notable incident in the history of one of the picturesque figures of the pioneer days was closed."

The Spirit of the Age

Do you ever stop to ponder why man is so prone to covet the things of another and care less for his own? Why is he constantly searching for faults in others? Why do his own eyes seem so perfect, while the other man's are to him always blind. Why is it that he can tell so clearly what errors the other man makes? In failures, he appears to know from the beginning as to the other man's idea, that it was nonsense and the wrong step to take. He prides himself that he has imparted to others the very steps to their success, and usurps the toiler's credit while climbing above the rest. Have you ever thought how his mind finds contentment while tearing another man down, when it would be easier and better to give him a boost that would help him along? Why does he fail to give encouragement and neglect to give due praise? Just a little of either helps a man in a thousand ways. Why does he see in life's picture the blotches, the mistakes, the shades in the life of another; never seeing his own mistakes? Why is he generally willing to side in with scandal unproved, instead of weighing the question or trying on the other man's shoes? Why does he so quickly form an opinion without hearing the stories of two sides? for where there is just a little prejudice, he uses this method to decide. He always appears to have wisdom and throws it out to the wind, but never pushes out a sail to gather the knowledge of the greatest minds. In conclusion, it seems a fact, and it is difficult to place the blame, that this spirit of the age is growing, and undermining the character of man.—*Glen R. Bailey, Silver City, Utah.*

Two Ways of Growing Old

By Will H. Brown

Smokers who live to a good old age are so rare that the tobacco organs grasp such instances for the widest possible publicity. It is not so much the fact of living a long time that counts as to how one lives. Dr. D. H. Kress tells in *Life and Health* of a man in San Francisco 100 years of age who had smoked for 75 years. A doctor friend of Dr. Kress called on this old man and found him with a clay pipe in his mouth, and learned he had been blind and deaf for many years, and had been unable to work for thirty years, being dependent upon others for his support. About the same time the same doctor called on another man in the same city who was 102 years of age, but who had the appearance of being about 60, with elastic step, not a pain in his body, with hearing and vision perfect, and enjoying life immensely. This man had never used tobacco. Four years later he was planning to walk from San Francisco to Los Angeles, a distance of over four hundred miles, but his friends persuaded him to give up the trip. He lived to be 110.

Chauncy M. Depew, on his 88th birthday, said in an interview that he felt like 48 instead of 88, commenting: "If you want to be healthy, do the things you don't want to do. I attribute my health to the fact that I always give up things as soon as I find they hurt me. *I gave up smoking thirty years ago.*" In other words, he found the habit was hurting him, and he had the good sense to quit it.

Notes

An anti-tobacco colony has been founded in Dresden, where no one can own land who uses tobacco in any form, or alcoholic liquors. The German idea is a good one—ideal for the whole world.

Escaping the horrors of war, C. Thorp, a world war veteran, was burned to death at Hollister, Calif., his bed clothing having caught fire from a cigarette he had been smoking.

In Spain there is only one car on each train in which smoking is not permitted, and sometimes it is empty. This is simply an index as to the downfall of Spain, once a mighty power to be dreaded, but now not even seriously considered in connection with world affairs.

The son of a millionaire, sentenced to five days in a Detroit jail and fined \$100 for speeding, was described thus by a daily paper: "The loss of his cigarettes apparently was the only thing that troubled him." Boss Nicotine is an impartial ruler, making slaves of millionaires just as easily as of beggars.

Some one estimates that girl stenographers in the service of the United States government lose \$6,000,000 worth of time each year rouging their cheeks. The time girls waste in this way is so infinitesimal in comparison with the time and money wasted by smokers that to mention the former and not the latter is like straining at a gnat and swallowing a whole herd of camels, with several full-grown elephants thrown in for honest measure.

Be a Booster

If you're looking for snaps,
 In the game of life,
 If it's soft, dreamy ease that you crave,
 Just keep this in mind,
 As you drift along:
 You'll not find it this side of the grave.

Every soul that the good Lord
 Has sent down here,
 From the realms on the other side,
 Is expected to get out
 And lift on the load,
 And forget that—it's easier to ride.

The greatest curse—
 That could happen to you,
 As you travel 'long life's highway,
 Would be ease and comfort,
 With no work to do,
 From morning, till close of day.

So, get in and hustle,
 And do your part;
 Don't always be stealing a ride;
 Better pull on the oars,
 And head up stream,
 And not simply drift with the tide.

Doing Common Things in an Uncommon Way

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1922-23

By George H. Brimhall, President Emeritus, Brigham Young University

Preliminary

Uncommon shall mean in this course out of the ordinary, higher and better than is usual, a mode of doing things on a plane to which the many have not arrived. It shall mean the excellence of action not yet reached by the mass or the popular majority.

The few are uncommon and the many common. In fact in each individual the uncommon qualities are not in the majority as to number but may be dominant because of their superior quality or uncommonness. The uncommon feature of these lessons will be an attempt to do the uncommon thing of getting some common things considered from an uncommon point of view.

The student is reminded that the M. I. A. reading course is an uncommonly good set of books, each one an addition to the student's leverage in self-lifting, and that the adoption of the book, *The Americanization of Edward Bok* gives to the advanced seniors a book with the uncommon record of seventeen editions in the eighteen months. The uncommon quality that has put the book in such uncommon demand is the uncommon way the author has of writing about himself, and the story of uncommon success achieved by doing common things in an uncommon way.

The title of this course is not a quotation from the book, although it appears once in the volume. "Doing common things in an uncommon way" was a student slogan in the Brigham Young University before Mr. Bok's book was published.

Lesson I.—Thinking

Thinking is a human trait. We are thinking beings. It is not a question as to whether we shall think, we must think whether we will or not. Books have been written on "how we think," but our problem is "How should we think?" or "What is the kind of thinking that our duty to self and to society and to God demands of us?" What kind of thinking will be the biggest factor in the production of happiness immediate and remote?

Kinds of Thinking.—As processes, thinking is of two general kinds, the subconscious and the conscious. By subconscious is meant mental processes that are going on in our lives without our notice, just as many physical processes go on without our being conscious of them. We half hear and half see things and in some instances our attention is so near the zero point that we have no cognizance of an occurrence mentally, and yet the body has so responded that the event is registered in that part of the soul and comes up later without our remembrance of ever having known it. So little is known as yet about this form of mind activity and growth that we shall leave it here and proceed to a consideration of thinking as a conscious activity of the mind.

First, we think spontaneously. We are constantly and with almost incredible rapidity drawing conclusions as this or that experience or necessity is pressed upon us. Most of this spontaneous thinking is common, and much of it altogether haphazard. The commonplaceness and the haphazardness of it may be reduced by doing what every uncommonly successful person is doing, push toward a purpose in our thoughts.

"When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find, even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking, it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble, or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are." *The Mind in the Making*, by Robinson, page 17.

How to substitute this common, spontaneous thinking for the uncommon, and thus elevate ourselves, is one of our problems, and it would appear that this may be done first, by thinking more about our thinking, and, second, by being more careful about how we think; just as we improve our speech by thinking about how to speak and taking care about our speaking.

Musings or thought excursions, a sort of letting our thoughts throng on us as they will, is a common form of thinking; it is usually known as reverie. It is at the bottom of much that is good and some that is not good in life. When apprehension, fear, or hatred, pessimism, dominate in reverie, its contributions are to unhappiness; but when faith, hope, and love, optimism, predominate, the fruitage is joy. Pessimistic reverie is more than spontaneous worry, it is a sort of death-dreaming, a kind of tobogganing toward despair. Reverie of the optimistic type is the self reciting "Excelsior" to an audience of *one*, whose applause counts for more than that of millions outside our inner courts of life. As he is, is man's reverie. As the man of today muses, so will the man of the morrow be.

From the muses come our poetry, our art, and our philosophy; but there is poetry and poetry, art and art, philosophy and philosophy, all the way from the low to the high, the common and the uncommon. Uncommon musings, even if lured toward the lowlands, will no more sojourn over the line than will virtue accept the entertainment of vice. Our musings are revelators of our past and prophets of our future.

Self-Interest Thinking.—The common type of self-interest thinking has caused mankind to just "muddle" through. It is common to think much about independence and little about interdependence. If the race has made progress it has been in spite of thinking about individual achievements that have cost the life of the best there is in us, generosity, mercy, brotherly love, and about group achievements at the cost of the best there is in society. "An arresting example of what this muddling may mean we have seen during these recent years in the slaying or maiming of fifteen million of our young men. Unless we wish to see a recurrence of this or some similar calamity, we must create a new and unprecedented attitude of mind." *The Mind in the Making*, page 13.

Uncommon thinking with self-interest would require, first, elevating one's interest and so playing the game of life that the higher interests would get into the king row. Placing principles before persons, preparation before position, persons before property, peoples before nations. Uncommon thinking for defense will think justice for the Japs and mercy for the Germans, without waiting for the time when it shall be commercially profitable to so think.

While uncommon thinking with self-interest may not eliminate entirely

the weight of "whose-ox-is-gored" evidence, it can reduce it to a point where confidence may not perish.

Thinking for Progress.—The common type of improvement thinking consists of finding ways out of difficulties. With it, necessity becomes the mother of invention, and pressure becomes the father of progress; but, there is a kind of thinking for improvement that waits not for necessity, it ever creates necessity. The thinking of Horace Mann created a demand for public education long before there was any popularly recognized necessity for it. This thinking for improvement operates in adding to old thoughts, and in creating new ones. It fears not to have faith, yet it dares to doubt. It finds facts and faces them squarely; it refuses to be fooled by its own processes; it distinguishes between truth and theory, interest and evidence; it says, "It seems so" many times before it declares, "It is so."

Thinking with Inspiration.—A wrongly inspired person is the worst kind of a thinker and a rightly inspired man is the best kind of a thinker. The nature of man is a Garden of Eden, fed from four sources, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. The cutting off of any of these sources makes a desert of part of man's life, and the whole life climate is affected.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," a fact attested by the nature of the individual and the experience of the race. While Doctor Robinson speaks of a need for a new and *unprecedented* attitude of mind to avert the recurrence of war, we may claim a precedent in the person of Christ, and a panacea in a practical application of his teachings. What have the advocates of free thought to offer that is not covered by the injunction, "Seek the truth, for the truth shall make you free"? No real truth-seeker will fail to think about his thinking and correct some of its spontaneity; genuine truth-seeking will reform one's reveries, keep him immune from bias blindness. What need of reform would exist if men thought clearly in terms of doing unto others as they would have others do unto them?

The thinking of Columbus was investigation plus inspiration. He was "wrought upon by the Spirit of the Lord," as also were the Pilgrim Fathers and the founders of our government. See Book of Mormon, I Nephi 12. The two great psychic, or mind, forces of the universe, Divinity and its negative, are contending for the enlistment of the minds of men. While one gives understanding, the other gives misunderstanding; one power, the other weakness; one joy, the other misery.

If with all its thinking, common and uncommon, the world has come to a muddle, why not do some uncommon thinking about seeking learning even by study and by faith?

Study of things as they are, study of things as they were, study of things as they are to come, with faith in the self, faith in society, and faith in God.

In summary, the best uncommon thinking we seek is:

"Thinking the thoughts we'd like to show,
Thinking the way we'd like to grow.
Thinking of health and wealth and love,
All in the light of lamps above.
Thinking the thoughts that keep us clean,
Thinking no thoughts that makes us mean.
Using in thinking 'the iron rod,'
Leverage lifting us nearer God."

Questions and Problems

1. From your experience, is thinking about thinking common or uncommon?
2. What would be your objections to wearing a thought recorder open to the inspection of your friends?
3. How may thinking about our thinking elevate our reveries?
4. How would thinking about thinking increase the square deal element of our civilization?
5. What is meant by facing facts in thinking?
6. Illustrate substituting interest for evidence in thinking.
7. Science declares that the quality and quantity of our thinking depends largely upon the condition of our bodies. Substantiate this by a quotation from the Word of Wisdom.
2. In the light of John 16:13, and Doctrine and Covenants 18:18, discuss the proposition, Application plus inspiration is the highest form of investigation.
9. Why could there be no war if men thought as Jesus taught?
10. Wherein does the nature of man protest against the elimination of Divine inspiration from our thought centers, colleges, and universities whose chief function is the training of persons to think?
11. What common things were done in an uncommon way by the grandparents of Edward Bok? See introduction of book.
12. How is this lesson related to our M. I. A. slogan?

Lesson II.—Remembering

Memory and Recollection.—Without our reminding power, our fund of knowledge would be limited to one notion. There would be one disconnected idea after another, a sort of drop, drop, drop, without the advantage of an increase available for use. And if our figuratively-speaking reservoir of knowledge should hold the information, the contents would be of no avail without the key of access—memory.

Remembering is of two general types: the spontaneous, or involuntary, and purposed, or voluntary. The latter is known as recollection. I meet a person and *remember* his face at once. I do not remember where I first met him, but I begin *thinking* and finally recall where our acquaintanceship began. At this point where thinking enters into memory, it becomes recollection.

Remembering and Forgetting.—We are constantly forgetting many things in order that we may attend to one. Our old mental associates graciously retire that we may entertain a new-comer, because of the impossibility of our being able to hold in consciousness more than one idea at a time. We cannot hold the idea of bread and the idea of butter at the same instant, but we can hold the combination, bread and butter.

We are in no way conscious of the process of forgetting, we are conscious only of having forgotten. We are conscious of being reminded, and we often say, "I am reminded," spontaneously. We are conscious of recollecting, or reminding ourselves, by thinking in search of some lost idea or by making voluntary effort to see how much we know.

The plight of being unable to forget would be no less awful than the one of being unable to remember, for in the one case we would have so little to do with, that progress would be impossible, and in the other case we would have so much to carry that a step forward would be out of the question. This common way of remembering goes on without any kind of choice or selection.

There is an uncommon kind of remembering in which nature is supplemented by art. A kind of remembering that is thought about and

brought about. We may select our ideas for memory as an agriculturist selects his seed, or the husbandman selects his stock; only the choice or uncommon is kept for *reproduction*; useless or injurious ideas that come into the mind may be treated somewhat as a good cook treats the unfit that comes into the kitchen: put in the garbage can and the lid pressed down.

The keeping of an idea within either reach of spontaneous or purposed recall depends upon three things: first, the attention it receives at first entrance; second, the extent of its attachment to other ideas by association, and third, the frequency of its recall. The forgetting of undesirable ideas depends upon one's ability and willingness to call other ideas into mind and give them attention.

Some Laws of Memory.—*The law of similarity:* "Like suggests like." A drunken man suggests a mental imbecile. A brilliant woman suggests a star.

The law of opposites: Famine suggests or causes us to remember plenty.

The law of cause and effect: The cause reminds us of the effect and the effect recalls the cause. Slavery suggests civil war, and a blackened hillside calls to mind a forest fire.

The law of symbolization. Words call for the idea of which they are symbols. Were it not for symbolization we could neither speak nor write, our communications would be limited to drawings and carvings. The cartoon is a primitive form of symbolization. It is attractive because of the ease with which it may be read. It recalls by similarity much more than by the higher law of symbolization. Picture language needs little attention, but word language, and especially the written, requires mental alertness and intellectual industry. To make sure of remembering a new word, give it special attention, speak it, spell it, use it, and in attempting to use it take care that it is not misused. To remember names of people, make use of their names in conversation which may follow introduction, or in conversation about them.

Memory and the Body.—Our power to remember is greatly conditioned by our physical state. We all know that our memories are best when we are well. Our experience has taught us that we cannot remember as well when weary as when full of vigor, and most of us have experienced the value of not over-eating when examination is at hand. It takes blood to digest food as well as to convolute the brain, and a divided stream cannot do full duty in either place.

There is what is sometimes called muscular memory, a condition brought about by habit. Perhaps you have never consciously learned which way your door opens, but your hand can tell you through unerring action. Our limbs remember how to swim long after the instructions of the swimming master have been forgotten by us. Our bodies do so much of our remembering while we occupy them that from a rational point of view the soul can be nothing less than the spirit and the body, without the union of which there can be no perfection nor fullness of joy.

Kinds of Memories. *A Good Memory.*—A person is commonly said to have a good memory when he can remember readily and accurately, but no one should speak of a man as being good who has not the habit of doing good.

A good memory of the uncommon type is one that is ready and accurate, but is also *habituated* in the remembering of good things. We are all subject to memory accidents or memory intrusions, but our memory *habits* are of our own choosing, they cannot be forced upon us.

Memory and Inspiration.—We may be spiritually reminded of that which is needed for the time and circumstance. Memory miracles are a part of the experience of many of us. See John 14:26. If one's power to know

is added to by faith, the power to re-know is also subject to acceleration by faith.

Through the faith of Jared and his brother and the prayer of the latter, a universal language was saved from passing into total and permanent human forgetfulness. Book of Mormon, Ether 1:33-38.

Our coming to earth was attended by the miracle of complete forgetfulness, may not the memory of our unpleasant, painful, and sinful experiences be fully and permanently eliminated from our consciousness in the next estate, just as fast as they are not longer necessary for our good? God never injudiciously "harrows" the soul. See II Nephi 9:14; Alma 39:7; 40:26; Heb. 8:12; 10:16, 17; Rom. 11:27.

Questions and Problems

1. Distinguish between spontaneous remembering and voluntary recollection.

2. Why is forgetting necessary?

3. What is the best way to forget what we do not wish to remember?

4. On what three things does the likelihood of remembering an idea depend?

5. Give suggestions for improving one's ability to remember words and faces.

6. State some of the mental laws by which we remember.

7. Define: A good memory in terms of this lesson.

8. Discuss note-taking as a help or a hindrance to remembering.

9. What is a strong memory?

10. Upon what does accuracy chiefly depend?

11. Why should we never speak or write anything unnecessarily that we do not wish to remember?

12. Discuss this proposition: Telling vulgar stories is feeding one's friends out of the memory garbage can.

13. Relate an instance of a memory miracle.

14. Prove by scriptural quotations that forgiveness includes God's forgetfulness of our sins.

15. What hope is there of man's ultimate forgetfulness of his own sins?

16. Tell of Edward Bok's first victory in correcting a public error, and of his uncommon way of using great men. Chapter 2, 3.

Lesson III.—Using the Imagination

The Nature of Imagination.—Our power to image our ideas is known as the faculty of imagination. It also includes the ability to modify or change the images of ideas and create ideals.

We cannot modify an idea until it has become reproduced, or a memory. While looking attentively at an apple it is impossible to change our idea of its size or shape, but remove the apple and we may imagine it to expand or diminish or even become mutilated. The memory-apple is quite at our mercy in the absence of its objective parent.

We may take one-half of an apple idea and one-half of a peach idea, or idea of a peach, and put them together and thus create a combination fruit which would be unlike any we had ever seen in *reality*. By use of the imagination we form or create new images out of old ones. The mind engaged in imaging the old and constructing the new out of these images is imagination, *i. e.*, the self, holding and combining images.

Two General Forms of Imagination.—As with thinking and remembering, imagination is either spontaneous or voluntary, directed or wandering.

The spontaneous imagination accompanies and even forms a part of our

reverie in remembering, and is known as "fancy." A kind of purposeless day dreaming, or, if touched by purpose at all, it is just to pass the time away with a view of enjoying its passing. It plays the "movie" with the past and goes into the future as a boat drifts with the stream.

If our mental images are plan-born or called into existence by purpose, as are the characters in story, tragedy, and drama, as is the mental produce to which the painter seeks approach with his brush, or the model for which the sculptor strives with chisel or clay, or the combination toiled for by the inventor, then is our imagination more than fancy, being full of purpose, it becomes ideality.

Spontaneous imagination or fancy meets the self of the future as a may-become; aimful imagination, or ideality, sees the self of tomorrow as a will-become. The one is traveling, the other is going somewhere. One finds, the other makes. One proclaims mediocracy, the other prophecies greatness.

Use It Honestly.—Our mental images as mind products may be facts, fraud-facts also. They may be imaged ideas untrue to the memories from which they were made and untrue to high ideality. The habit of *stretching things* results in self-deception and handicaps the entire intelligence. Our truth-seeking power is conditioned by the way in which we pass the truth along. Careless exchange fosters inferior production.

Honesty and Using the Imagination Honestly is a high form of fidelity to self. To thine own memories be true, is a good self-injunction. Self-deception is impossible where there is honesty in ideality. Little fear of one fooling himself if he uses his imagination honestly.

Keeping It Clean.—To imagine iniquity is to be on the pathway to perdition. Giving mental form to righteous ideas is marching toward the Millennium. It is creating dreamlands of beauty and peopling them with heroes and heroines too brave to be base, lovers whose chivalry is a sword of defense, sweethearts whose modesty is a shield of protection.

Our images are *us* and we are *them*. When we are making and using them we and they are one; they in *us* and we in *them*. When they are *true*, then we are; when they are high, we are noble; when they are clean, then we are pure.

Holding it to Consistency.—Common use of the imagination permits it to be led by hope beyond the bounds of consistency. The over-hopeful prospector images veins of gold in a formation where the precious metal has never been found, and the maiden by the light of a dazzling hope-star sees a worthless scamp transformed into a good provider and a faithful husband. The time-wasting youth looks through his hope-glass and sees himself making some sudden leap to a position of fame.

It is evident that there is a kind of hope-blindness and its curse is an uncommon use of the imagination which holds it close to consistency with three admonitions:

With all thy thinking, think the truth.

With all thy remembering, remember the good.

With all thy imaging, image the consistent.

The Theological Aspect.—That the Divine possesses and uses the power of imaging ideas needs no argument. A spiritual creation is spoken of in the scripture, but preceding the spiritual creation there was a mental one, a projecting, a designing, and a visioning or an imaging of the creation.

Seership rests upon the possibility of the transference of images from the mind of God to the mind of man. Such absolute honesty, perfect accuracy, such complete consistency accompanies the presentation of these images that the first failure of their realization has never come.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." As the mariner must correct his compass by consulting the stars, so must man look aloft for the

perfection of his ideality. Man's dreams at best are fraught with danger. To see with eyes of inspiration is to behold the mental creations of our Father in heaven. Enoch viewed the movements of unborn ages; (See Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7) Joseph of Egypt saw the inhabitants of America; (See II Nephi 3) Nephi beheld events enacted centuries after he saw them; (I Nephi 11) and Joseph Smith undoubtedly looked upon our Zion in the mountains when Utah was a desert waste.

Questions and Problems

1. What can we do with our idea of an object in the absence of the object that we cannot do with that idea in the presence of the object?
2. Show that our imaging power is dependent upon memory for its material to work with.
3. Which of the two forms of imagination in Poe's "Raven" is a good illustration?
4. Wherein is imagination a creative power?
5. What are the mental effect of "stretching things" in our conversation?
6. Show that elevative imagination is exaltation in the inner world and preparation for exaltation in the upper world. See Matt. 5:8.
7. Show relationship between seership and the power to make and transfer mental images.
8. Discuss the following: Where there is the right kind of imagination, the people prosper.
9. What uncommon reason did Bok give for changing his occupation? Chapter 3.

Why Not Joseph Smith?

By Joseph S. Peery

In calling a prophet to usher in this last Gospel dispensation preparatory to the coming of our Lord and Savior, why did not the Lord choose a great, mighty, learned and celebrated man? Why did he select, to be a prophet, a little boy from the back-woods named Joseph Smith who was unlearned and unknown?

Because that is the way the Lord does things. He took a little boy, named Samuel, to be a prophet, a little shepherd, named David, to be a prophet.

Paul tells why in I Cor. 1:27-29: "Not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak of the world to confound things which are mighty; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

The Lord chose Joseph Smith, because He could use Joseph Smith; who was humble, teachable and obedient—not set in the ways and learning of the world.

As to knowledge, before being martyred at the early age of thirty-eight, Joseph Smith uttered scientific truths away ahead of his time. Years after his death, the scientists of the world accepted these scientific utterances of Joseph Smith.

Where did he get this learning?

From God, who revealed to Joseph Smith the greatest, broadest, most inspiring and elevating truths ever given to man.



MONUMEMNT AT PIONEER VIEW

Visited by the surviving Pioneers of 1847, on the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the original Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. The boy Scouts, after their flag exercises, gathered around the monument, at Pioneer View, where Brigham Young stood on entering the Valley and said, "This is the place." Lorenzo Sobriskie Young, the only survivor of the original pioneers, in the foreground by the monument.

Pioneer Celebration

By LeRoi C. Snow, Treasurer of the Pioneer Committee

It was seventy-five years ago, last July 24, that President Brigham Young and the first band of "Mormon" pioneers arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

The plan to hold a great, inter-mountain celebration, in Salt Lake City, of this Diamond Jubilee, has been postponed until next year. However, an elaborate three days' program this year was carried out with the one purpose of gladdening the hearts of the survivors of the pioneers of 1847. The program was not prepared with the intention of entertaining the general

public, although several of the features were of such a character that several thousand people participated in doing honor to these worthy men and women.

When the celebration committee commenced preparation for the entertainment, it was thought that there were fewer than forty survivors of the pioneers who entered Salt Lake Valley during the year 1847. Much publicity was given the plans of the committee, and additional information was solicited from ward, stake and county officials, as well as from relatives of pioneers. The list of survivors grew until it was found that more than 125, pioneers of 1847 are still living.

With so many to entertain, including transportation, hotel expenses, banquets, automobile rides, visits to historic points and places of amusement, pageants, musical and other programs, in and out-of-doors, and constant thought of their welfare and happiness involved the expenditures of a great deal of time, effort and money, and the assistance of hundreds of devoted people. The Commercial Club, the Daughters of the Pioneers, the Church, Salt Lake City, and County, other organizations, and private companies, and many individuals, contributed of their time and money and otherwise assisted. Under the direction of the executive committee, of which Elder George Albert Smith was chairman, there were 54 sub-committees with a personnel of more than 300 men and women who worked faithfully for about a month planning the details of the elaborate program.

The following is a brief account of the celebration:

On Saturday evening at 7 o'clock in the Hotel Utah a reception was given and a banquet, the Master of Ceremonies being Bishop David A. Smith, and the Toastmaster, President Heber J. Grant. There was a greeting, community song, and a violin selection by Pioneer Harrison Sperry, ninety years old, and meetings by representatives of the stake, county, and city. Other exercises occupied the hour from 6 to 7.

On Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. there was a song service in the Tabernacle, presided over by Mayor C. C. Neslen, of Salt Lake City, consisting of, invocation by President Anthony W. Ivins; community singing, W. Clive Bradford, director; grand organ, pioneer tunes and melodies, Professor John J. McClellan; "The Flag without a Stain," President Heber J. Grant; "Spirit of Heroes," by the Southwick quartette; followed by "Songs of the Trail in Pantomime", under the direction of Miss Charlotte Stewart, in which Professor E. P. Kimball, the boy scouts, choir boys of the Cathedral of the Madeleine, Young Men's Mutuals of the Granite stake, and others, took part.

A tribute service was held at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Elder George Albert Smith presiding. The Tabernacle choir,



A LIVING PAGE FROM THE PAST

President Brigham Young and a group of Prominent Pioneers of the companies who arrived in the early days—represented by their descendants, in costumes of their fathers and mothers, as they performed old time musical numbers and dances in Liberty Park, July 24, 1922.

under the direction of Professor A. C. Lund, sang. Invocation was offered by Rev. George S. Davies; a paper was read by Assistant Historian Andrew Jenson on, "Who are the Pioneers of 1847?" the leading address being delivered by Levi Edgar Young. The Salt Lake Opera Quartette sang the Recessional, "Lest We Forget;" and addresses were made by Zina Young Card, President Heber J. Grant, followed by roll call of the Pioneers of 1847 by Chairman George Albert Smith; and benediction by Dr. Seymour B. Young.

ROSTER

The following is an alphabetical roster of surviving Pioneers of 1847, as read by Chairman George Albert Smith:

John S. Adams, William C. Allen, Joseph H. Armstrong, Emily Seeley Coates Averett.

Benjamin Baker, George W. Baker, Joseph Baker, Emeline Rebecca Adair Baldwin, Hyrum Bennion Margaret Oakley Best, Erastus Perry Bingham, Brigham H. Bingham, Perry Bingham, Jerusha L. Hambleton Boswell, Mary E. Hunt Black, Mary Margaret Cherry Brandon, Robert Pearse Bringham, Mary A. Park Brockbank, Eliza Woolf Brown, Sarah Ann Garr Burton, Angeline Luddington Bush.

Mary Bennion Calder, Leone Spencer Chambers, John James Cherry, James Chipman, Washburn Chipman, Margaret E. Clement, Emly Woodard Corbett Andrew Corry, Abner B. Cox, Orville M. Cox, Saphronia Ellen Turnbaugh Carter.

Melissa Jane Lambson Davis, Fidelia Winget DeMill, Malvina Winget DeMill, Harriet Fairbanks Douglass, Lydia Shepherd Davidson.

Alma Eldredge, ElNathan Eldredge, Joseph U. Eldredge, Josephine Smith Harmon Evans, Schuyler Everett, Edmond Eldredge, Edmund Ellsworth.

Sarah Baker Farnsworth, Martha A. Brunson Ferrin, Elijah Norman Freeman, Mary Jane Fraughton, Bushua D. Kingsbury Fryer.

Emma Moesser Gardner, Neil (Nile) L. Gardner, William Gardner, Ellen Glover, Benjamin Young Greenwood, Thomas Grover, Esther Eldredge Garns.

William V. Haight, Job Harker, John Taylor Harmon, Caroline Cherry Harris, Caroline Grover Heath, Joseph S. Hendricks, William James Hendricks, George R. Hill, Adelia M. West Hoagland, Henry Horne, Joseph S. Horne, Richard S. Horne.

Rebecca Baker Johnson, Jane Park Jones.

Margaretta Lemon King.

George C. Laney, Mary B. Rich Linford, John Knox Lemon, Jennette Brinkerhoff Leavitt.

Abigail J. Baker Matthews, Helen Mar Callister McCullough, Maggie Garner Miller, Mary Gardner Miller, Sarah J. Rich Miller, Joseph Hyrum Moesser, Michael W. Molen, Gideon A. Murdock, Franceanya Rogers Miller, Margaret Turnbow Mitchell.

Charles R. Oakey.

Temperance Keturah Haight McFarlane Parry, Edwin Pettit, Mary A. Lemon Pickering, John P. Porter, Rebecca Ann Cherry Porter, Mary Jane Fairbanks Pace.

Ann Eliza Hunter Rich, Hyrum Smith Rich, Genevieve Molen Ross.

Carlos L. Sessions, Adelia Belinda Cox Sidwell, Amelia Meriah Cherry Smith, Hulda C. Thurston Smith, Hiram Theron Spencer, Angeline Ben-

nion Spencer, Harrison Sperry, Young Elizabeth Steel Stapley, Mary Park Sutton, Robert Sweeten, Ezra Shoemaker, Hyrum S. Stevens.

Susan Burgess Crandall Tanner, James Wylie (Wiley) Thomas, Sarah Jane Thomas, Katherine Beach Topance.

Marian Park Vincent.

Samuel Alonzo Whitney, George W. Whittaker, Mary Young Wilcox, Alphonzo Winget, John Woodberry, James Jackson Woodruff, Andrew Woolf, John Anthony Woolf, Mary Theodosia Savage Wilcox.

John R. Young, Elizabeth Riter Young, Lorenzo Sobriskie Young.

* On Monday, July 24, an auto trip was taken to old land marks, the drive being under the direction of George H. Dern, M. M. Warner, Jr., Harry S. Josephs. The 67 visiting survivors were taken in automobiles to Emigration Canyon, where they saw the Pioneer Monument, erected in commemoration of President Brigham Young's famous statement, when viewing for the first time Salt Lake Valley: "This is the place." Here the boy scouts gave a flag raising ceremony; and at Fort Douglas the United States troops maneuvered and the military band furnished music. The company were then taken to the old "Chase" mill in Liberty Park, and a program was carried out by a company of young people, descendants of the Pioneers, dressed in costumes of well-known leaders, as represented in the photograph herewith. There were musical numbers, "Upper California," "Two Prophets," "On the 24th Day of July," "Standard of Zion," and dances were given, Plain Quadrille, Varsouvienne and Scotch Reel; while Hawkins' band played some old familiar airs. Lemonade was served by the daughters and grand-daughters of Utah pioneers.

The auto trip was continued to the old land mark of Emigration Street or Third South where they viewed the old cedar tree, which, in early days, directed them to the Pioneer camp ground. The M. I. A. of the Ensign stake, at the Park, presented an episode, "The Pioneers and the Flag," under the direction of the 18th ward Mutual, Joseph J. Cannon in charge. At the Pioneer Park, "The First School" under the direction of Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond, was represented, the students being great grand-children of some of the leading pioneers.

From here the pioneers were taken for a three-mile ride through the city, thence through the Eagle Gate to the Utah State Capitol for lunch, where they had a restful visit in the relic hall of the Utah Daughters of the Pioneers. After luncheon they were taken to Saltair, where Professor R. Owen Sweeten and his band delivered a concert, consisting of melodies which led the pioneers back over the old trail and recalled a thousand vivid memories. Under the direction of Joel Richards, manager, a banquet was given at 7 o'clock, toastmaster, Dr. Richard R.

Lyman; program consisting of musical selections, including, "All are Talking of Utah," by the University of Utah Glee Club, followed by other musical selections and by addresses from President Heber J. Grant, Rev. J. E. Carver and President Flora B. Horne. A radio concert was also provided during the banquet. There were fire works on the lake by T. F. Thomas, assisted by United States troops. From the Lake, the pioneers entrained at 10:15 for Salt Lake, and were soon at rest.

The entire program was carried out without the slightest accident. One of the pioneers said: "Well, it has been worth living all these 82 long years just for the happiness of the last three days." Another remarked: "I have never before in all my life been so honored. I do not deserve half of it." They all said it was the finest time they had ever had in their lives. They were all returned to their homes happy and well, two of them came from Mesa, in southern Arizona, the remainder being from Utah and the surrounding states, and one from California.

Stuck, and Nothing to Unload

By Henry H. Stokes, Western States Mission

When I am called upon to speak to an audience, my feelings remind me of a story of an apple peddler. He was driving along with a one-horse delivery wagon loaded with apples; he came to a deep creek over which there was no bridge. He drove into the creek, and as the wagon began to ascend the bank on the opposite side, the horse stubbornly refused to continue. The driver, upon looking back, noticed that the endgate of his wagon had dropped, letting his apples roll into the creek. In great bewilderment, he exclaimed: "Well! Stuck and nothing to unload."

The incident illustrates my condition and, I think, that of most missionaries in many respects. Our feelings of incompetence are well characterized by the term "one horse wagon," and as we enter a pulpit or step upon a platform to face an audience our "apples" actually seem to "wash down the creek."

Yes, the comparison is still noticeable; we really have the "load;" not a load in the sense of being burdensome; not all loads are oppressive. Christ said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in

heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden light."

We have a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. What more valuable "cargo" can anyone carry? Apostle Paul says the gospel of Christ "is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

We may be very poor salesmen or peddlers; in fact, I am almost convinced that such is the case, because we find it extremely difficult to persuade people to accept our "cargo" even as a gift. It is all too common for people to prize highest the cheapest things, measured in terms of eternal value, and to esteem least the things of greatest worth. It is comparatively easy to sell life insurance pertaining to this worldly kingdom, but oh, how difficult to give away a "policy" which will assure one of eternal life in the kingdom of God.

The easy, and perhaps logical way to get out of the creek is to get out with the empty wagon and gather the apples afterward. I am sure this is the course most of us would take if we should follow our immediate inclination when we realize that our thoughts have vanished as we face the audience. But experienced teamsters say it is sometimes advisable, dealing with animals which possess only "horse-sense" to insist that the horse move the entire load, if it is within its power to do so, that the next time the contingency arises, the horse may continue with less trouble. So we, as amateur missionaries, realize we must collect our "apples" while we are yet "in the creek", and proceed with our cargo that, perchance, next time we may "cross" with less difficulty. Development or success in the things worth while in life does not come by following the easy path. As expressed in the oft repeated words of the poet Holland:

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

As also expressed by another poet:

"It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

We get our best electric lights by passing the current through a substance of great resistance to the electric current. The greatest developments in civilization are not found in the tropical climates, where food is plentiful, and shelter and clothing are unnecessary, but in colder regions, where people must struggle and battle with the obstacles of nature.

All great achievements demand sacrifice. Of missionaries it requires a sacrifice, if we may call it such, to spread the gospel of Christ; at least it calls for an expenditure of time, means, and energy. But is the accomplishment worth the sacrifice? Many fold. Christ has said, as recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants 18:16: "And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father." Think of the trouble, suffering and persecution the Prophet Joseph Smith and his followers endured in the early history of the Church for the gospel's sake, and of the trials hardships, and hunger of the Utah pioneers in establishing the great inland empire. Did they follow the easy way, the path without obstructions? Yet, is not the legacy they have left us, the established Church and the restored gospel of Jesus Christ worth the sacrifice? This is second in magnitude and importance only to the divine sacrifice of the only Son of God in the flesh for the redemption of mankind, that we may gain eternal salvation in his presence, through obedience to his laws. May we, then realize the value of these great free gifts, accept them, and live according to those divine laws which will entitle us to one of those "eternal life insurance policies" which is offered freely to everyone who will accept it.

Denver, Colorado.

The Chosen Road

By Elmer W. Pratt

I recently heard a sectarian minister say to a large congregation that there were a great many railroads running into Chicago, and as these all carry their passengers to the Union station, even so do the various Christian denominations lead their followers to the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a beautiful illustration; but it is a lamentable fact that an educated Christian minister should be ignorant of the fact that Christ taught that there was only one road to glory. Hear the words of the Savior: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Again: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." There is evidently but

one road to heaven from this earth. It is the *Church of Jesus Christ*.

The ticket one must have on this road is faith. It cannot be used effectively on any other. A ticket for heaven will not get you there, if you board a train for hell, even though the conductor accept your ticket and allow you to ride. Even so, faith based on a false doctrine will not change the nature of that doctrine. To make this point clear I quote a widely known illustration from the works of Orson Pratt:

"When Europeans first began their explorations in the new world, the Indians whom they met were much amazed at the power and explosive properties of gun-powder, and asked many questions respecting the manner in which it was produced. The Europeans, taking advantage of the ignorance of the savages, and seeing an opportunity to increase their wealth by the deception, told the Indians that it was the seed of a plant which grew in the lands they had come from, and doubtless it would thrive in their land also. The Indians, of course, believed this statement, and purchased the supposed seed, giving in exchange for it large quantities of gold. In implicit faith they carefully planted the supposed seed, and anxiously watched for its sprouting and the appearance of the plant; but it never came. They had faith in the statements made to them by the Europeans, but as these statements were false, and therefore, the evidence on which the Indians based their belief untrue, their faith was vain."

You have your tickets.

I am a conductor on God's great road. It is the only road that leads through the mountains of repentance, through the narrow pass of baptism, into the beautiful valley of truth—the abode of the Holy Spirit. All aboard.

Deadwood, South Dakota

Gratitude

I thank Thee for eyesight to see—to behold the light of day, and to look into the faces of those whom I love.

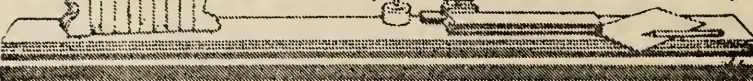
I thank Thee for ears to hear—to listen to the songs of the birds, and to hear the sweet voices of my friends.

I thank Thee for a heart to feel—that I may drink deep of the beauties of eternity: yes even in sorrow and in tribulation it may mellow my life, and teach me of Thy ways.

I thank Thee for a brain to think—that by reason and prayerful deduction I may arrive at a correct conclusion of knowledge, that men are the offspring of Deity—sons and daughters of God.

Joseph B. Smith

EDITORS TABLE



The Steps to Happiness, Glory and Exaltation

Besides the first principles and ordinances of the gospel—such as faith in God and in his Son Jesus Christ, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost—there are other important requirements with which members of the Church must comply. These requirements are standards or ideals in the lives of the Latter-day Saints. Their observance is quite as important as compliance with the first principles of the gospel. Obedience to them is very necessary and far-reaching, because nearly all of them have a promise attached. The Lord has said that all blessings are predicated upon law, and if we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to the law upon which such blessing is predicated. Furthermore, he has declared: “I, the Lord, am bound, if ye do what I say; but when ye do not as I say, ye have no promise.” Now here are some of the commandments and laws with promises and penalties which have become ideals or standards in the lives of the Saints:

Parents are to teach their children the doctrine of repentance, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, baptism when eight years old, and teach them to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord. If this is done, the promise is a righteous and faithful posterity. But if this is not done, the penalty is that the sins of the children shall rest upon the heads of the parents.

Members of the Church are to observe the Fast day and the Sabbath day, and if this is done, with thanksgiving and with cheerful hearts and countenances, the promise is that the good things, the fulness of the earth—food, raiment, houses, and lands shall be theirs. If they do the works of righteousness, their reward is peace in this world, and eternal life in the world to come; the opposite if they fail, and thus offend God.

All who earn means are to pay one-tenth of their increase to the Lord, for the building of his house, founding Zion, and for the debts of the Church. If this commandment is kept, the land shall be sanctified and become holy, but to those who do

not keep the law, the penalty is that it shall not be a land of Zion, a land of the pure in heart, unto them.

Another law is the observance of the Word of Wisdom, the law of physical health to the Saints. They are not to use strong drinks, or any drink which stimulates or creates an appetite for itself. They are not to use tobacco, and not over much meat. To all who observe these requirements and other laws and commandments, wonderful promises are made: They shall receive "health in their navel, and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom, and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures, and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." And further, the destroying angel shall pass by them and not slay them. Of course, the penalty is that if they do not obey, they have no promise.

And so one might go on and name laws and commandments on modesty, on dress and behavior, cleanliness, work, prayer, healing, living together in love, and many others. All have promises, and, when unobserved, have penalties.

One other commandment we would especially emphasize: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." The Latter-day Saints insist upon one standard of morality for men and women. Chastity is demanded. "I will raise up unto myself a pure people, that will serve me in righteousness." "Let Zion rejoice, for this is Zion—the pure in heart; therefore let Zion rejoice, while all the wicked mourn." Vengeance, we are told, cometh speedily upon the ungodly, as the whirlwind, * * * "for the indignation of the Lord is kindled against their abominations and all their wicked works." Zion, the pure in heart, shall escape affliction, pestilence, plague, vengeance and devouring fire, if she observe to do all things whatsoever I have commanded her, says the Lord. That is his promise. But if she observe not the laws and commandments of God, among them, "Be ye clean," then the penalty is just the opposite. And Zion, in this sense, means you and me individually. No law broken brings the vengeance of God sooner and more certainly than an impure life. As the youth of Zion we, therefore, emphasize and strive to live closely to our slogan: "We stand for a pure life through clean thought and action." Chastity is one of the standards, virtue, an ideal of the Latter-day Saints. It is a fundamental in the gospel of Jesus Christ, which in our personal lives we seek in all earnestness to promote. That great and good man, President Daniel H. Wells, once said on this subject:

"The gospel makes men and women free—free from sin—the greatest of all tyrants; and there is no greater slave on the earth than the man who is under the control of his own pas-

sions, and who is subject to the dictation of the spirit of evil which is so prevalent in the world. The acts of all such persons bring their own punishment, and it is swift and certain; while those who are controlled by the principles of the gospel have a joy and peace, under whatever circumstances in life they may be placed, which the world knows nothing of."—Daniel H. Wells, Aug. 9, 1873; *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 16, p. 125.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The law of chastity, in which we so truly believe, is one of His greatest laws to us; its blessings of health and power, of peace and joy, of glory and achievement, here and now, and in the world to come, are beyond price! It caps the climax of every praiseworthy accomplishment; it is a law to mankind whose observance is enjoined among the first of all of his revealed principles, ordinances, and commandments; it is a gem of first brilliancy in the standards and ideals of the Latter-day Saints. Compliance with the principles and ordinances of the gospel is essential as first steps to obtain salvation from sin; but a strict keeping of the laws and commandments, among the foremost, "Be ye clean," marks the imperative steps of our onward progress to happiness, glory and exaltation.—A.

How are You Going to Vote?

"We stand for the non-sale and non-use of tobacco."

Likewise, *"We stand for the anti-cigarette law and its strict enforcement."*

Now that candidates for the legislature are about to be nominated and elected, how are we going to determine who of the candidates, both for the legislature and for minor offices in state and county, will stand for the same principles? Men and women of all political parties who favor these declarations (and we believe that the great majority of this state of Utah do), should see to it that every individual candidate is publicly pledged to allow the anti-cigarette law to remain on the statute books, and to stand firmly for its enforcement.

We believe that the majority of the people are for it. Let the will of the people be made known in lively action. Let every voter voice aloud the sentiment of President Heber J. Grant, expressed in his sermon at the June Conference:

"I appeal to the body of our young men and young women, the great majority of whom are endowed with the franchise, to vote during the coming election for no candidate for the legislature, who will not publicly announce himself or herself in favor of allowing the anti-cigarette law to remain on the statute

books. Many say it ought to be repealed because it is not obeyed; I say it ought to be enforced, not repealed."

Immediate and vigorous cooperation in this matter will have a telling effect. Let's go to it!—A.

Messages from the Missions

Church School at Hastings

Elder A. P. Anderson, recently returned from a mission to New Zealand, reports that much good is being done for the boys of the South Sea Islands who take advantage of attending the Maori Agricultural College, the Church school at Hastings, New Zealand. "At the present time there are boys attending the school from Samoa, Tonga, Tahiti, and also the natives of New Zealand. Some of these islands are 2,000 miles away. The native boys are able to get a high school education at the school, and they are also taught the principles of the gospel, of which many of the boys are very capable expounders."



Missionaries, left to right, front row: Vern Iverson, P. R. Buttle, editor of *Te Karea*, mission paper; Leo B. Sharp, principal; A. P. Anderson, secretary (released); E. U. Moser. Back row: William A. Cole, A. S. Holmes, Harold Jenkins, Gerald F. Heaton, Henry Jorgensen.

Full of Faith and Good Works Though Far Away

Elder William C. Warner, conference president, Perth, West Australia, writes under date of May 23: "We are 1,300 miles from the nearest conference, and 3,000 miles from missionary headquarters. We held our annual conference on April 30, President and Sister Don C. Rushton being in attendance. Sister Rushton is the first mission president's wife to visit Western Australia, owing to the distance from the other conferences. Her

visit was much appreciated. Our meetings are well attended. We have here a membership of 66, and an average attendance of about 55. We need a more suitable place to hold our services. We enjoy our work very much, though we find only a few who are willing to accept the gospel, and



we find also a number who are opposed to our work." Elders laboring in Perth, left to right, back row: Lorenzo F. Hansen, Brigham City; Gordon Smith, Cedar City; Thomas Wm. Lutz, Rexburg, Idaho; front row: Conference President William C. Warner, Grace, Idaho; Sister and President Don C. Rushton, Salt Lake City.

On Unselfish Service

Roscoe C. Cox, of the Hawaiian mission, writing from Hilo, July 8, calls attention to a letter which he received from President William M. Waddoups of the Temple, which was a great impetus and encouragement, filling him and his companions with a strong determination to do their full duty in the work of the Lord. He considers part of the letter suitable for publication in the *Improvement Era*, believing that it will be a means of bringing to other readers the same sweet joy that it brought to him and his companions. Here is the quotation:

"What a wonderful joy comes from good work well done! There is no compensation quite so valuable as the satisfaction which fills the soul when rendering service for the Master. I know that God compensates all men according to their works, and I know that the best and only way to serve him is by service to his children. I am convinced that none are so miserable and unhappily unsatisfied as those who shut themselves up in their little cell and selfishly spend their lives seeking their own pleasure and comfort. This world is a big place, but after all, it is not large enough for one to hide from oneself, and the consequences of our lives' acts follow us as our shadows. Love will beget love, selfishness will spring up as a reward for selfishness. Our faith in God and our ability to love and serve

him will be in exact proportion to the unselfish service we render. Oh, if men would only understand the supreme joy they miss in spending their life for personal gratification! Oh, that all men might know by the sweet whisperings of the spirit of truth, the sublime joy of an undying, untiring faith in God and the divinity of his great work! This, dear brother, is our mission. First of all, to love God; and next, and equal unto it, to love his children, and ourselves last. What an almost impossible task it is to place ourselves last. But that you are doing, in unselfishly giving your services, as you are, in the Master's name."



Missionaries of the Port Arthur Conference of the Canadian Mission


Back row from left to right: Jas. E. Bacon, Roy G. Bailey, Lorenzo S. Davies.

Seated: Conference president, James R. Vance, Mission President, Nepi Jensen.

Steady Growth—Increase of Activity

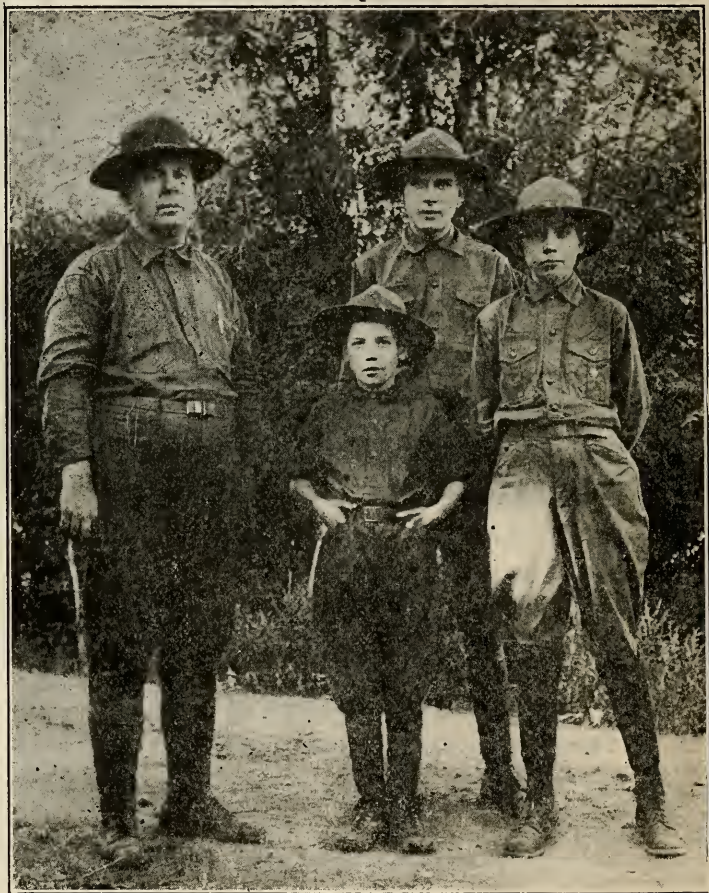
J. W. Ernest Tomlinson, writing from Sheffield, England, June 30, reports steady growth and increase of activity in all the organizations of the conference. "There are eight active elders who are striving hard to increase the spreading of the message of salvation in spite of the nation-wide disinterest in subjects of religion. This condition of a non-religious attitude is both appalling and lamentable. It is the fight over which we, as missionaries, must be victorious in the presentation of the gospel message. An obstacle of this nature we do not consider insurmountable. It only assists in bringing elders and Saints in closer contact and firing us with greater determination of faith, efficiency and endurance. We have come to realize the necessity of the contents found in the *Improvement Era*, as a part of the equipment of a successful mission."

MUTUAL WORK



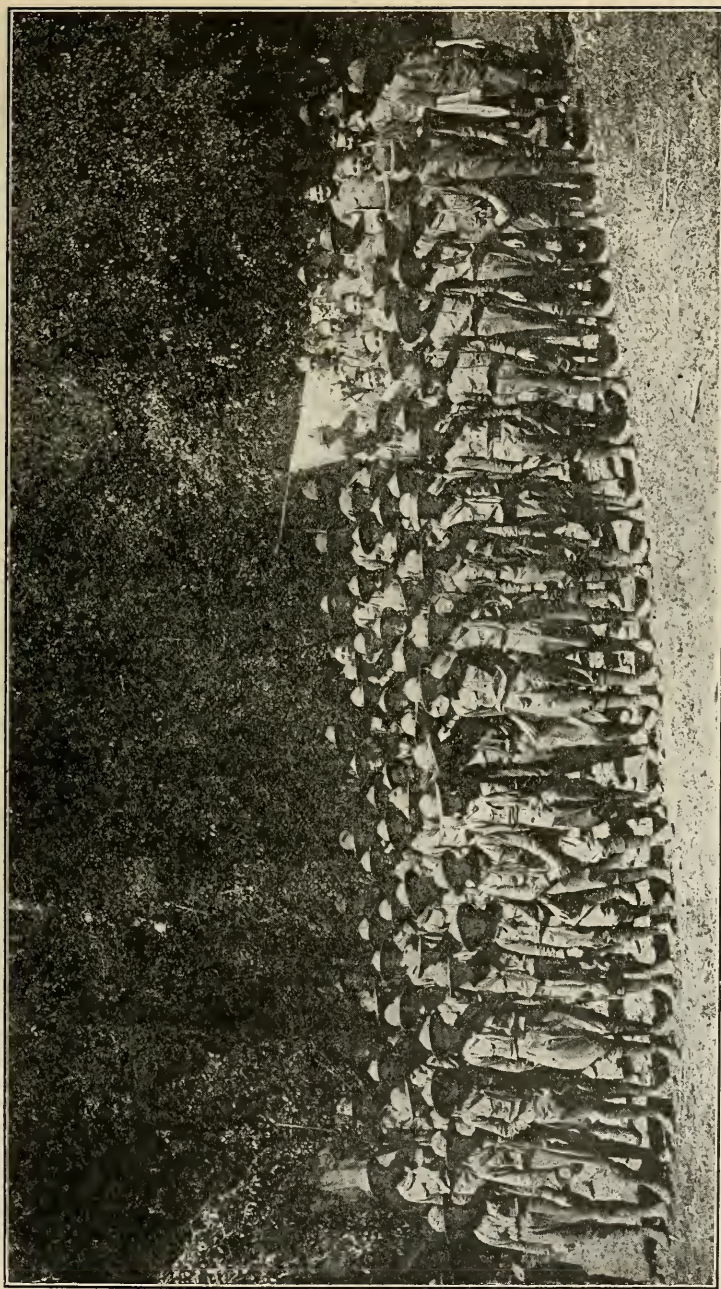
Fathers and Sons' Outing, Juab Stake

The Juab stake held their fathers and sons' outing on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 22-25. This outing was a great success; 124 boys were in uniform, and the outing was held at the east foot of Mt. Nebo.

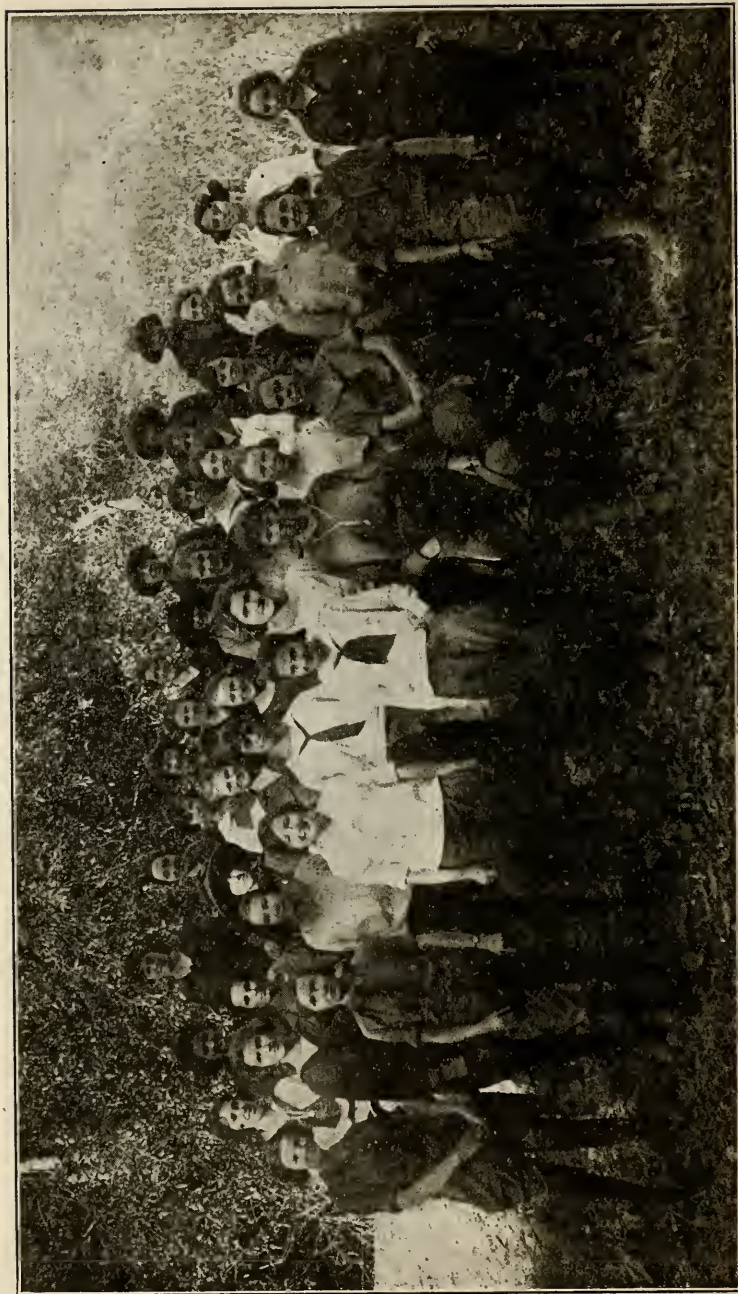


Superintendent T. H. Burton, Juab stake Y. M. M. I. A., and his sons, Marcus, assistant scoutmaster; Clarence and Alma, at Fathers and Sons' outing, Juab stake, July 22-25.

From a recreational standpoint, it was far the greatest event of the year in



The boy scouts of Nephi, Nephi North, and Nephi South wards at Fathers and Sons' outing, July 22-23; taken at the back of Mt. Nebo, all in uniform.



Bee-Hive girls of Nephi Third ward, who camped behind Mt. Nebo, at Fathers and Sons' outing, Juab stake, July 22-25 1922.

that section. Conservatively, over 2,000 people visited the canyon during forms; and the drills and exercises under the boy scouts in their new uniforms, and the drills and exercises under the stake deputy commissioner and the ward scoutmasters created much attention. A scout summer home is to be erected in the beautiful grove under this great mountain. The location has been chosen and scout grounds selected.

On Tuesday of the outing 75 scouts hiked to the summit of Mt. Nebo. Sacred services were held on Sunday afternoon under the direction of Superintendent T. H. Burton. "High on the mountain top," "Come, come, ye Saints," and other Pioneer hymns were sung. Addresses were made by G. W. McCune, of the California mission; James W. Paxman, and President T. D. Rees. On Sunday evening, gathered around a huge bonfire, the congregation listened to an excellent program given under the auspices of the M. I. A. Sports of various kinds were indulged in on Pioneer day, with a bonfire program in the evening. The Levan band added greatly to the entertaining features of the outing. Mona ward was also represented. Mrs. Mary Sutton, a Pioneer of 1847, was present on Monday. Two-hundred-fifty fathers, it is estimated, were present during Sunday and Monday; and practically the entire membership of the Bee-Hive girls were present.

A boy scout band has been organized in the three wards of Nephi, who are now practicing twice a week under a salaried bandmaster; and it is expected they will soon have a band of about fifty pieces. During the outing no one was permitted to use tobacco on or about the camping grounds. Three deputy sheriffs were present, and the strictest order prevailed. Much credit is due Superintendent Burton and his associates for the success of the great outing.

Boy Scouts Visit the Undeveloped Regions of Utah

The possibilities of Utah's production cannot be estimated by anyone unless he hies himself to those parts of the state whose soil, in the big majority, has not as yet been broken. Such conditions are to be found along the eastern borders of the state, particularly in Uintah county. It was my good fortune to be numbered with the boy scouts, of the Salt Lake Council,



Native Indians "banqueting"

when their caravan made this trip during the early part of July, 1922. We traveled by way of Provo canyon and Daniel's canyon into and through the famous Strawberry Valley, where we camped beside the lake bearing the same name. The beauty of that valley at sunrise cannot be described, but suffice my saying that all members of camp anxiously awaited the ap-



In the Dinosaur quarry; Dr. Douglas on the right

pearance of the sun over those mammoth mountains, and welcomed the reflection of its rays upon that blue body of water. During the night frost had gathered in abundance, sufficient to demand that some remake their beds to keep warm—our new potatoes were tinged with frost, and ice was found in all vessels that contained water. The second day we passed through thousands of acres of sage-brush and cedar-land which



At the Sun Dance pole. Buffalo head at the right of center of pole

is waiting for man to cultivate and irrigate and supply railroads to transport the harvest. After having ridden for hours in the scorching sun we suddenly found ourselves on the brim of the much heard of Uintah Basin. At Roosevelt and Vernal we were received most loyally by the citizens and were feasted to capacity by the good women of those towns. The boys will never forget the "honey in the comb" and the jersey milk which were served in abundance. Through the courtesy of the citizens of Vernal, we were escorted, in touring cars, to the most interesting Dinosaurs. Professor Douglas, a geologist of national repute, was most courteous to the boys and they were keenly interested in his explanation of the existence of those most extraordinary pre-historic animals. We were to have witnessed the Sun Dance given by the Indians at White Rock but the "spirit" didn't move them, and we had to content ourselves with visiting the grounds, seeing the Sun Dance Pole and having the ceremonies explained to us. But the boys thoroughly enjoyed visiting with the Indians, and exchanging goods for souvenirs, and "incidentally" snapping pictures of them, without paying "moonak." Of course, even such a trip would not have been complete without fishing and swimming, so we engaged in those pastimes whenever opportunity afforded. Enroute home we detoured by way of the "Lynden Hot Pots" near Heber City and enjoyed a "dip" therein. Upon their return to the city the boys were united in agreeing that such a trip had opened their eyes in favor of their own state and its productive possibilities.—*Guy B. Rose*, Deputy Commissioner, Liberty District.



Making friends

PASSING EVENTS



Dr Frederick Dunn was appointed superintendent of the mental hospital Provo July 12. He was the assistant superintendent under the late Dr. George T. Hyde.

The farming population of Utah was reported, July 17, to be 140,249, or 31.2 per cent of the entire population. Idaho has 200,902 rural residents and Wyoming, 67,306.

The government assumed control of freight traffic of the railroads, July 25, at midnight. That means that men who want to work can do so under government protection.

An attempt to murder Millerand, the French president, and Premier Poincare, was made by anarchists, July 14. The two men escaped the bullets, but a woman was wounded.

An Inter-Allied Conference opened at Downing St., London, Aug. 7, for the purpose of discussing European financial affairs. Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and Japan were represented.

Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Crombie Williams, a Utah pioneer of 1847, died June 11, at her home in Ogden, at the age of 95 years. She was born in Boston, September 27, 1827, and came to Utah in 1847.

George R. Emery passed away, July 25, at the L. D. S. hospital, aged 67 years. He was first counselor to President Nephi L. Morris of the Salt Lake stake, and was a highly respected citizen of Salt Lake.

The Old Warm Springs bath houses were destroyed by fire, July 17. The buildings were erected more than fifty years ago for the accommodation of the people of Salt Lake City, and have been in use almost ever since.

The invasion of crickets into Uintah county, Western Colorado, and Franklin county, Idaho, is looked upon as the worst since 1848, according to a statement made by Heber J. Webb, state crops pest inspector, July 25.

Citizens of the Irish Free State were called to arms, July 6, for a period of six months, as a guerrilla war was anticipated by the provisional government. The Free State has an army of 2,000 men, but that is not deemed sufficient.

Wholesale arrests for violation of prohibition laws in Salt Lake City were made Aug 8, by federal and state officers. Between 75 and 100 suspects were apprehended, most of them being connected with rooming houses and soft drink parlors. Warrants had been issued for the arrest of about 200 persons.

William Henry Swanson died at his home in Salt Lake City June 19, after a week's illness of pneumonia. He was the president and manager of the American Theatre Co. For many years he was identified with the motion picture business.

The total number of registered voters in Utah is 173,752, according to information furnished to Charles Heiner, deputy secretary of state, by the county clerks in twenty-eight of the twenty-nine counties in the state, and published July 19 and 20.

The Wasatch resort was sold, July 14, by the Church, to the Utah Consolidated Stone Co. The holdings, including hotel and grounds, and stone quarries, contain 160 acres. It was of the stone from these quarries that the Salt Lake temple was built.

Newton Francis Austin died, July 30, at the home of his son at Kila, Montana. He was one of a company of Saints who sailed around Cape Horn in 1846 and landed in San Francisco, July 31, that year. He came to Utah in the summer of 1848.

"Uncle Johnny" Shell, of Lexington, Ky., died at his home there, July 10. He claimed to be 137 years old at the time of death. A few years ago he was exhibited at county fairs as "the oldest man in the world." He was a typical Kentucky mountaineer.

A movement for peace has been started by a million members of allied war veterans. A congress of this international organization will be held at New Orleans this fall, according to a statement by Mr. Hanford MacNider, commander of the American Legion, July 30.

The mandates over Syria and Palestine were confirmed by the council of the League of Nations at its session in London, July 22. This gives further effect to the policy of establishing a Jewish national home in Palestine. Mesopotamia is made an independent country.

President Harding will arbitrate the Tacna-Arica controversy between Chile and Peru, according to the agreement reached by the representatives of the two countries, July 21, at Washington. That is the happy result of ten weeks' discussion of questions involved in the dispute.

Alexander Graham Bell died Aug. 2, at his estate, Beinn Breagh, near Baddock, N. S. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, March 3, 1847. In 1876 he perfected the telephone, and in 1883 the graphophone. He was justly considered one of the greatest inventors of modern times.

A new sugar refining process, invented by Heber C. Cutler, will, it is said, revolutionize that industry. By it 850 pounds of sugar can be made of a ton of sugar beet molasses, which at present is worth only \$2.50 a ton. The process was demonstrated at the Springville-Mapleton sugar factory, July 28.

Funeral services for Miss Rose Mantelle Vimont, who died at Pasadena, Cal., July 27, following an operation, were held in that city, July 28. For more than twenty years she has been a member of the faculty of the University of Utah. She was well known for her tireless and capable work in the interest of education.

The Hague congress on Russian affairs, adjourned July 30, without reaching an understanding with Russia concerning foreign property in that country, confiscated by the government. The Russian delegates refused to pledge their government to restore such property to the owners, until they know how much money Europe would lend the country.

Andrew B. Naismith died, July 19, in his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, November 5, 1853, and came to Salt Lake forty-two years ago. He followed the trade of an iron moulder and was chosen to mold the oxen for the baptismal font in the Salt Lake temple. Funeral services were held in the Sixteenth ward chapel July 22.

A replica of the statue of Massasoit was unveiled, July 31, at the Utah State Capitol. Mr. C. E. Dallin, the sculptor, made the address of presentation, and Governor Mabey accepted it in behalf of the state. The statue is the work of Mr. Dallin. It now occupies the place of "The Signal of Peace," and this work of art has been removed to the rear of the rotunda.

A dead man was made a candidate for Congress from the Seventh congressional district of Tennessee, when former Congressman Lemuel P. Pad-

gett of Columbia won the primary election, Aug. 3, although he had passed away the day before. The purpose of keeping him in the race after his demise was to force a new election and give other candidates a chance to run.

Crickets were reported, July 17, to be devouring crops in Southern Idaho. The people of Franklin, Idaho, asked for help to fight the pest. A fighting force was organized and millions of the insects have been destroyed. The general method followed in exterminating the pests is to drive them onto piles of straw which have been saturated with gasoline and then set fire to the straw.

Mrs. Margaretta Lemon King, died at her home in American Fork, Utah, July 26, after an illness of about five weeks. She was one of the pioneers of 1847 but was not able to attend the diamond jubilee anniversary. She was born in Cass County, Indiana, Oct. 4. 1839. Her parents joined the Church in 1846 and started across the plains from Winterquarters the following spring.

President Harding's proposition was rejected, Aug. 1, by the railway executives in session in New York. His suggestion was that the strikers be reinstated with unimpaired seniority rights. This the railway heads declared to be impossible. The other conditions were accepted. The striking railroad shopmen, in a meeting in Chicago, Aug. 2, accepted the Harding plan as satisfactory to them.

A dinner in honor of Cyrus E. Dallin, the Utah sculptor, and Mrs. Dallin, was given by Governor and Mrs. Mabey, Aug 3, on the roof garden of the Hotel Utah, as an official acknowledgment from the state to the famous artist for the gift of the plaster model from which the bronze statue of Massasoit was cast. Following the dinner, the party repaired to Liberty park where a public reception was tendered the guests of honor.

President Harding warned strikers and others, July 11, not to interfere with interstate transportation or the U. S. mails. The president took the position that men willing to maintain the operation of railroad trains in order to transport mail have the "same indisputable right to work that others have to decline to work. B. M. Jewell, directing the striking shopmen, replied that the strike would not be called off, until further justice had been secured.

Mrs. Mary Ann Cook Hanks, died at the home of her daughter, Salt Lake City. She was the widow of Sidney A. Hanks, one of the original pioneers of July 24, 1847. She was born June 22, 1830, in St. John's parish, Worcestershire, England, and became a member of the Church in 1857. Four years later she came to the United States. Mrs. Hanks walked the entire distance from the Missouri river, arriving in Salt Lake on September 12, 1861.

Mrs. Caroline J. Crosby, a pioneer of 1847, died, July 8, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Evans, in the Fairmont apartments. She was born in Waterford, Mich., July 13, 1843, and was the wife of William H. Crosby, a pioneer of 1848, who crossed the plains three times as a wagon master. In addition to the daughter at whose home she died, she is survived by a son, Byron R. Crosby, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Twin suns have been discovered 52 quadrillion miles from the earth, by Dr. J. S. Plaskett, director of Canada's astrophysical observatory at Victoria, B. C., according to an announcement made July 22. One is 15,000 times as bright as the sun, the other 12,000 as bright. Plaskett, Dr. Plaskett estimates, is more than five times as large as any other heavenly body. Scientists here say the discovery is one of the outstanding astronomical

achievements of recent years. The suns have been named Plaskett for their discoverer.

Utah is ninth in illiteracy, in a list of states made up from the last census report of the United States on that subject. Iowa, Nebraska, Idaho, Oregon, Kansas, South Dakota, Washington, and Minnesota are the eight states ahead of us, having a percentage of illiteracy ranging from 1.1 to 1.8 per cent. Utah's showing is 1.9 per cent. This is an advance since the census of 1910, which gave Utah 2.5 per cent, but at that time this figure was nearer the top than 1.9 is now. Louisiana is the last on the scale, with 21.9 per cent illiteracy.

Octogenarians climb a mountain trail with ease. The couple are Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Nielsen, of American Fork, Utah, 84 and 85 years of age, respectively. On Aug. 6 the aged couple climbed the trail from the United States forestry service camp in American Fork canyon to Timpanogos cave, 1500 feet above the camp. The grade is a 25 per cent slope. The climb was made in one hour and the descent in fifty minutes. Mrs. Nielsen was forced to rest every ten minutes on the climb. The day following, the couple went about their daily work as usual.

President Grant addressed the farmers at the morning session of their encampment at Logan, July 28. He said that he was proud to claim a particular interest in the farmers on account of having borrowed money in connection with several other men, on their personal security, to start the first sugar factory built in the United States. He congratulated the farmers of the state on the progress they have made and upon their interest in the encampment, and in conclusion asked them to remember their wives as partners and companions and show them the same respect as they did in sweetheart days.

A Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to Major Andrew S. Rowan, of San Francisco, who carried the message to General Garcia, of the Cuban revolutionary army in May, 1898, during the war with Spain. Major Rowan, then a lieutenant, entered the Spanish lines at Orienta, Cuba, in disguise, crossed the island, "and not only succeeded in delivering a message to General Garcia, but secured secret information of great value." At the same time Major Rowan was awarded a silver star citation for gallantry in action on Hudlon Mountain, Philippine islands, in January, 1900, during the Philippine insurrection.

Mrs. Mary Ann Fielding MacKnight died June 28, at the home of her daughter in Salt Lake City, at the age of 76 years. She was born at Nauvoo, Ill., March 22, 1846. With her parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Fielding, she came to Utah in the spring of 1848. In the early days her parents, with other pioneers, endured many hardships and privations. During the "grasshopper famine" they were compelled to subsist on roots and a few other sparsely supplied edibles. The last six years Mrs. MacKnight had been an invalid as the result of an accident. Mrs. MacKnight was the first cousin of the late President Joseph F. Smith. Throughout her life she was an active member of the Church.

A delightful party in honor of Mrs. Heber J. Grant was given, July 7, at Saltair, the occasion being the 66th anniversary of her birthday. The guests numbered thirty-three and included the First Presidency of the Church; the twelve apostles and their wives, the first council of seventies and their wives, the presiding bishopric and their wives, and Presiding Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith and Mrs. Smith. After a dinner in the Ship Cafe formal talks were given by various members of the party. Mrs. Lucy W. Smith presented the guest of honor with a book as a memento of the occasion. Mrs. Grant accepted with a brief response. The affair was arranged by the wives of the apostles, with Mrs. Joseph Fielding Smith, Mrs.

George A. Smith and Mrs. George F. Richards serving as a general committee.

Blanchard P. Ashton and Georgia Ashton, his sister, were drowned July 31, in the Aberdeen-Springfield Canal, near Blackfoot, Idaho, where they were swimming. Following a dive in which he appeared to have been injured, his sister Georgia waded into deep water toward him. Blanchard sought to rescue her and both sank. A deep bruise on his forehead indicates he was injured in his dive. Blanchard P. Ashton, who, until two years ago was principal of the Roosevelt school in the Granite school district, is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jeanetta Smith Ashton, daughter of the late President Joseph F. Smith and Sarah Richards Smith. Funeral services, attended by nearly a thousand friends, were held in the Richard's ward, Granite stake, August 3.

Colonel N. W. Clayton, 66 years of age, died July 12, at one o'clock at his residence, Salt Lake City, of cerebral hemorrhage. He was the son of William Clayton and Augusta Braddock Clayton, and was born in Salt Lake, October 8, 1855. He was the territorial librarian, auditor of public accounts of the territory, 1879 to 1890, a member of the staffs of Governor Caleb W. West and Heber M. Wells. He organized and promoted the Salt Lake & Los Angeles, the Saltair Beach Company and the Inland Crystal Salt Company. At the time of his death he was president of the Clayton Investment Company, chairman of the executive committee of the Inland Salt Company, president of the Inland Railroad Company, director of the Utah State National bank and president and owner of the N. W. Clayton Company. He was at one time General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A.

The death of George Smith Rust, a resident of Manti, Sarpete Co., Utah, occurred in that city, June 18, and in his departure another of the old stalwarts of the Church, a personal witness to the Divine calling of the Prophet Joseph, has passed away. The deceased was born January 23, 1834, at Lowell, Vermont. He lived on a farm with his parents until the age of twelve years, when the family moved west. Mr. Rust was baptized in the Mississippi river by the Prophet Joseph Smith, near the city of Nauvoo, in 1843. At the age of 13 years he started across the plains with his father, his mother having died several years previously. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion the elder Mr. Rust volunteered and left George to make his way across the plains with the Haite family in Daniel Spencer's company. He arrived in Salt Lake valley in September, 1847. He filled two mission in the eastern states and labored twenty-one years in the Manti temple. Together with his wife he did temple work for more than 5000 persons. He is survived by his widow, five sons and two daughters.

Elder Orlando Clark Barrus—President Charles A. Callis of the Southern States mission, sent the following telegram to the First Presidency, dated August 9, 1922: "Elder Orlando Clark Barrus, of Fairview, Star Valley, Wyoming, was drowned Tuesday afternoon in the Chauga river, three miles from Westminster, South Carolina. He was bathing with missionary companions and others, and walked unknowingly into deep water. Two others did the same. He rescued one, and evidently became exhausted in the excitement of getting others out of danger, and was overlooked, being considered a good swimmer. The body was embalmed and brought to Atlanta to be prepared for burial. Two elders will accompany the body home." President Callis telegraphed the parents a message of condolence, and particulars of their son's sad death. Elder Barrus' parents performed faithful missions in South Carolina, twelve years ago, and their son, according to President Callis, was a good missionary. He left for his mission, November 17, 1920, and is the son of Orlando Barrus and Mary E. Clark Barrus, born August 18, 1901.

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FALL QUARTER BEGINS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

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We send best wishes from the "Home of the Maori," for continued success in putting out an ever better *Era* to help us in the promulgation of the gospel.—*Graham H. Doxey*, Mission Secretary.

Roscoe C. Cox, writing from Hilo, Hawaii, July 8. "Of all magazines with which I am acquainted, I feel that the *Improvement Era* is easily the best, because of the uplifting character of its contents."

"I want to thank you for the *Improvement Era* which we receive every month. There are just two things that a missionary looks forward to receiving, one is the regular letter from home, and the other is the *Improvement Era*. The *Era* is a source of inspiration to everyone of us and is a big feature in our work."—*G. Osmond Hyde*, Conference president, Hull, England.

President William H. Wilson, of the Norwich conference, England, writes, under date of June 17: "We thank the *Improvement Era* editors and managers for sending the *Era* to us each month. Most of us were occasional readers of this publication before entering the mission field, but now we are all regular readers and enjoy its varied contents."

Improvement Era, September, 1922

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